

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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CONTENTS

	PAGES
CHRONICLE	25-28
EDITORIALS	
Stabilizing Employment—The Inch and the Ell—Atheism in the Colleges—Law-Ridden and Lawless—The Pope's Crusade—Dwight W. Morrow	29-31
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
Forgotten Facts of Yorktown—Esperanto Catholico et Universo—Bogota's Padre of the Poor—How Catholic Help Won Yorktown ..	32-39
POETRY	
Questionnaire	39
SOCIOLOGY	
The Pope's Crusade for the Poor	40-41
EDUCATION	
A Word for Cinderella	41-42
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF	42-43
DRAMATICS	
Fourth-Dimensional Drama	44-45
REVIEWS	45-47
COMMUNICATIONS	48

Chronicle

Home News.—During the week of October 4 a powerful group of New York and Chicago bankers called upon the President to lay before him the extreme seriousness of the banking situation in the country. Smaller banks were failing right and left and the position of even the largest banks was being weakened. This condition resulted in a severe limitation of credit for commercial purposes thereby greatly retarding the return of prosperity and causing lowered wages and unemployment. The cause of the banks' difficulties was the large number of "frozen assets" held by them. It was well known that the margin of safety in most loans on real estate, manufacturing, and distribution had disappeared and that the banks were faced with the disagreeable prospect of foreclosing and, at the same time, with the impossibility of using these "frozen" credits for further expansion in new lines. As a consequence of the President's meetings with the bankers, Mr. Hoover on October 6 issued a statement calling for the formation of a "national institution" of at least \$500,000,000. This money would be used for the rediscount of assets which are held by the banks and which may not be discounted by Federal Reserve banks. These banks may rediscount only upon borrowings to pay

cash for merchandise in advance of due date or the financing of merchandise in process of distribution. The President's plan would enable the banks to extend credit also upon personal notes, building of houses, or notes of professional men. The result was expected to be both a release of credits which now cannot be used and the saving of smaller banks whose position with regard to their depositors was impossible. A further favorable result was expected to be to halt liquidation of securities, particularly bonds, by banks forced to dump them to get cash for depositors, thus depressing the stock markets.

On October 5, Dwight Whitney Morrow, United States Senator and former Ambassador to Mexico, suffered a stroke in his sleep and died after a few hours without regaining consciousness. Mr. Morrow's death was mourned by everyone since it was realized that he was a wise counselor with a tremendous capacity for work and a clear-headed acceptance of realities. He was fifty-eight years old, and by many was considered to be the logical successor to Mr. Hoover as President. Even while a member of the Morgan firm he had a record of national service, and the last four years of his life included his work in Mexico, his part in the London Disarmament Conference, and more recently the deciding influence in the President's suggestion for a one-year moratorium of debts.

Opinions were still divided over the President's plan to reduce Government expenditures by cutting down on naval activities, in spite of the fact that Secretary Adams was fully reconciled to the cuts.—A report of the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on the depression was published on the same day that the American Federation of Labor published its own suggestions. The Chamber of Commerce demanded a national economic council, reserves and unemployment benefit systems in private industries, amendment of the anti-trust laws and concerted effort to make new jobs for those out of work. The American Federation of Labor offered a plan which essentially consisted in a spreading out of jobs through the shorter day and a five-day week, maintenance of wage standards and prohibition of child labor.

Austria.—The trial of the two Albanian emigrants who attempted to murder King Zog of Albania, and succeeded in killing his adjutant, Major Topolay, instead, and in wounding his Court Minister, was prosecuted under difficult circumstances. The trial-seat was moved from Vienna to the small town of Reid in Upper Austria. Af-

ter a somewhat turbulent court scene, Ndok Gheloshi was sentenced to seven years, Aziz Cami to three years imprisonment.

The Austrian Parliament agreed to increase the taxes to meet the scale proposed by the League of Nations as necessary before a loan could be negotiated. As there was immediate need of \$29,000,000 to meet international debts long overdue, the vote was almost unanimous. The few discredited Heimwehr deputies voted against the increase. Taxes on bachelors were imposed while taxes on gasoline and income were increased. Expenditures on the army were retrenched, the strength of the Austrian army falling almost 10,000 below the permitted quota.

Chile.—On October 4 Juan Esteban Montero, Conservative, was elected President for the next six years, receiving at least sixty per cent of the votes cast. His chief opponent was former President Arturo Alessandri, the radical candidate. The newly elected President is fifty-five years old, a lawyer, and a professor in the University of Chile. He first came into public life when he accepted the portfolio of the Interior in the short-lived Cabinet of Premier Blanquier this year. After President Ibanez's resignation last July Dr. Montero was chosen Premier and assumed the Vice-Presidency, thus becoming Acting-President. Practically against his will he was drafted by popular acclaim as a Presidential candidate. He then resigned his official position to conduct his campaign as a private citizen, but the Senate refused to accept his resignation and merely granted a leave of absence until October 5, designating Manuel Trucco, former Minister of the Interior, as Acting-President. It was his Government that successfully quelled the September mutiny in the national navy. The election returns brought popular hopes of a stable Government.

China.—The Nanking Government on October 4 stated its official stand as accepting in all good faith Japan's declarations to the League of Nations and the United States that she would withdraw her troops within the South Manchuria Railway zone as soon as order and safety were assured. It was understood the withdrawal would be October 14. Disorders, however, seemed to be increasing in the area, aggravated by the concentration of Russian troops on the border, and the breakdown of China's administrative authority, and, more particularly, by the independence movements in various sections. Meanwhile, negotiations for reconciliation between the Nanking and Canton groups progressed most favorably.

Colombia.—Nineteen killed and a large number injured was the toll of the national municipal elections which resulted in a Liberal victory in practically every municipality excepting Pasto. All the State capitals, including Tunja, which the Conservatives have ruled for thirty years, gave the Liberals a majority. In Bogota, however,

which is a Liberal stronghold, the Labor and Communists tickets polled a few votes.

Czechoslovakia.—The census of December 1, 1930, published in July 1931, revealed proportional losses for the Church in the Republic. These were anticipated, owing to the apostasies among the Czech Catholics and the Ruthenian Uniates; also from the fact that most of those who have left to the Church are of the younger generation, hence more prolific. The following figures represent the principal denominational shiftings:

	1921	1930
Population of the Republic.....	13,613,172	14,726,158
Latin Catholics.....	10,384,833	10,833,423
Oriental Catholics.....	535,543	585,439
Orthodox	73,049	145,583
Protestants of all denominations..	990,319	1,109,229
Czechoslovak National Church...	525,333	793,092
Jews	354,342	356,768
"No religious denomination"....	724,507	853,717

Before the World War the percentage of Catholics in present Czechoslovakia was about 89.5 per cent; in 1921 80.22 per cent. The census of 1930 leaves the Latin Catholics with 73.53 per cent and the Oriental Catholics with 3.91 per cent, altogether, 77.44 per cent. The group marked "no religious denomination," that is to say, atheist, showed an increase in its figure in inverse proportion to the level of education prevailing in the different parts of the country. That increase attained 10.5 per cent in Bohemia, 79 per cent in Moravia-Silesia, 148 per cent in Slovakia, and 324 per cent in Carpathian Ruthenia.

According to the N. C. W. C. News Service of September 28, the Most Rev. Francis Kordac, who recently resigned from the archiepiscopal See of Prague, in an interview with Louis Huspek, well-known Prague journalist, censured the authors of recent attacks on Msgr. Peter Ciriaci, Papal Nuncio at Prague, and on the leaders of the Czechoslovak Popular party, apropos of his own resignation.

France.—"To say 'Yes' in diplomacy is to consent to concessions; to say 'No' is to serve one's nation." This was the epigram with which the Paris *Journal des Débats* warned Premier Laval, that on his visit to Washington he must be uncompromising in the matter of disarmament, "which for France is a matter of life and death," continued the Nationalist organ. Other newspapers, however, were of opinion that the coming Washington conference would deal mostly with financial and economic matters; and the visit of Lord Reading to Paris, widely interpreted despite denials as a preliminary planning of financial agenda for the Hoover-Laval conversations, caused a number of French observers to forget their concern over armaments and to plead for an international money conference in order that the Powers may save themselves and one another.

Germany.—To placate the disquieting elements

which were aroused over Germany's failure to preserve the customs union with Austria, and to lend strength to Chancellor Bruening before the reconvening of Parliament, Dr. Julius Curtius voluntarily resigned the post of Foreign Minister. Public opinion threatened to diminish the slim majority of the Government, which led the Cabinet to agree to the sacrifice of Curtius as a tactical move. That Dr. Curtius stood high in Government favor was shown by the general impression that he would be appointed to represent Germany on the Franco-German Commission to further economic relations.

The Bruening Cabinet offered its resignation October 7 to President von Hindenburg who immediately reappointed Chancellor Bruening to form a new Cabinet, instructing him to select its members without regard to political lines. The Cabinet before resigning passed a stronger emergency decree which was signed by the President, giving the Government wide powers in safeguarding the financial and economic situation, and in putting down local uprisings and rowdyism. The Chancellor was thereby made more secure in planning and carrying out his economic program for the coming winter.

General Elections
Great Britain.—The Parliament which began its sessions in 1929 under a Labor Cabinet was dissolved on October 7. General elections were announced for October 27, and the assembly of the new Parliament was ordered for November 3. The decision to hold general elections was regarded as inevitable. All responsible persons, King George, Mr. MacDonald, the Labor and Liberal parties, the Conservatives, except for a small group, wished to avoid an appeal to the country. The necessity came from the chaotic political conditions brought about by the functioning of a National Government created to meet an emergency and from the loss of foreign confidence in such an unstable Government. It was hoped that an election would clarify the issues and put in power a Government that would hold a mandate from the country. The Conservatives alone have retained any species of solidarity for the forthcoming elections. Labor was split badly by the resignation of the Labor Cabinet; while many Laborites were still loyal to Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor organization as a whole repudiated him and formed itself into a Parliamentary opposition; but no great confidence was placed in the leadership of Arthur Henderson, and Independent and Left-Wing Laborites continued insurgent in regard to party discipline. The Liberty party, likewise, was completely divided by the election announcement; Lloyd George, as head of the party, refused to be reconciled to Mr. MacDonald's program on the holding of an election and on the tariff issues; Sir John Simon, with twenty-five Liberal members of Parliament, remained loyal to the National Cabinet under Mr. MacDonald. The National Cabinet as such will put no candidates in the field; the party lines of Conservative, Labor and Liberal will be maintained; three-cornered contests will be avoided except where the Lloyd George Liberals are putting forth a candidate. Mr. MacDonald decided to stand for the

Seaham Harbour constituency, despite the fact that the Seaham division of the Labor party, which he represented, demanded his resignation and refused to alter its decision after his recent speech before it. According to predictions by all parties, the election campaign "will be the most savage in living memory."

Issues Not Defined
The election issues were not defined. The dominant one was that of protective tariffs *versus* free trade. For two weeks, the National Cabinet sought to find a common basis for agreement, an acceptable "formula" for presentation to the electors. Since none could be reached, Mr. MacDonald was empowered to draw up his own statement. After the dissolution of Parliament on October 7, the Prime Minister issued a manifesto. In it, he stated that "as it is impossible to foresee in the changing conditions of today what may arise, nobody can set out a program of detail on which specific pledges can be given. The Government must therefore be free to consider every proposal likely to help, such as tariffs, the expansion of exports, the contraction of imports, commercial treaties, and mutual economic arrangements with the Dominions." Later, in a radio appeal, he asked for a blanket vote of confidence for the present National Government.

Turkish Relations
Greece.—In the early part of the month Premier Venizelos had as his guests the Turkish Premier, Ismet Pasha, and the Foreign Minister, Tewfik Rushdi Bey. They had come to return the friendly visit last year of the Greek Premier to Angora and formally to ratify the Angora agreement of 1930. At the Athens stadium, 70,000 Greeks enthusiastically greeted the Turkish Premier and his party. The exchanges of friendly visits were hailed as the beginning of new social, economic and political relations between the two Governments. It will be recalled that in the past two years the Premiers with their respective Foreign Ministers have managed to completely change Greco-Turkish relations and especially to find a solution for the seemingly insoluble problem that arose out of the exchange of hundreds of thousands of Greeks and Turks after the War. Both Governments agreed to compensate refugees for property abandoned in the other's territory, while the recognition of the rights of the Greek minority in Istanbul and the Turkish minority in Western Thrace, along with the restoration of their respective properties, forecast the dissolution of the mixed commission for the exchange of populations, with its expensive machinery. Because of the resumption of friendly relations both countries have reduced their national-defense budgets, Greece already saving some 200,000,000 drachmas under this heading, and Turkey 38,000,000 lira.

Death of Mr. Morrow
Mexico.—The death of Dwight W. Morrow was a severe blow both to the Church and State in Mexico. By the removal of the peculiar ascendancy which he had personally exercised over ex-President Calles and other extreme radicals, a check upon fantastic anti-religious and anti-capitalistic interests was taken away. Mr. Morrow's plan for combating economic radicalism had been to

render the government prosperous and thereby conservative. His plan in the religious dispute was to bring about a situation in which neither Church nor State could claim a victory. Though he was no longer Ambassador, his personal influence continued to be felt and he had been expected to make a visit to Mexico in November. The Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop of Mexico joined with the President and Calles in deploring his untimely death. Archbishop Ruiz recalled the statement often made, half-jokingly, by Mr. Morrow to him to the effect that if he had to deal much longer with the two Archbishops they would make a Catholic out of him. Mr. Morrow's death was particularly untimely in view of the nation-wide movement set on foot by Governor Tejeda to crush the Church by extreme limitation of the number of priests through enactments by State legislatures.

Poland.—An emergency session of the Sejm was called to pass bills necessary to meet economic problems. It was decided to increase the income tax to aid the unemployment fund; and in the case of arrears payment could be made in products of the soil which would be used to care for the needy during the winter.—Premier Prystor announced that Poland would maintain the present value of the zloty. The condition of the financial and agricultural systems was reported as mending.

Russia.—A "day of harvest and collectivization" was decreed by the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Government, to run from October 15 to 25. The stimulation of production in the field both of agriculture and of industry was looked for; and especially "productive" recent American visitors to the Soviet plants. Cooperation was sought between the factories and the collective discipline, the lack of which had been noted.

Andrey A. Andreyev, president of the central control committee of the Communist party and Commissar of Worker's and Peasant's Inspection, holding office second only after Joseph Stalin, was appointed Commissar of Railroads, to succeed M. L. Rukhimovich. Reports that, owing to the crisis, the Soviet Government was unable to meet its financial obligations were energetically denied by official statements. The Amtorg, Soviet-American trading corporation, stated on October 7 that Russian imports from the United States had declined fifty-one per cent in nine months.

Spain.—On October 2, in Paris, Don Jaime, head of the royal Spanish house of Bourbon-Anjou and the Carlist Pretender to the throne, died of heart failure. He was sixty-one years old. His death followed closely upon an announcement made last week in Paris that he and Don Alfonso, the former King, had decided "to establish relations of brotherly friendship so as to work for the salvation of Spain."—On October 4, elections took place in seventeen provinces, including Madrid and Barcelona, to fill

23 vacancies in the Cortes. Although they took part in the electioneering, none of the 10,000,000 women who last week were given the suffrage, were permitted to vote. Early returns seemed to indicate that in Madrid a Socialist had beaten Jose Primo de Rivero, a Rightist and son of the former Dictator, and that in Barcelona, Colonel Francisco Macia's candidate suffered a surprising defeat by a Regionalist.—In a dramatic and uproarious scene in the Cortes on October 6, President Alcala Zamora, after a bitter altercation with the Socialists, resigned the Presidency. The nation was left without a head for one hour; then his resignation evidently not having been accepted, Senor Alcala Zamora resumed his office.

Vatican City.—The Holy Father's Apostolic Letter, "Nova Impendet," published in the *Osservatore Romano* on October 3, took the world by surprise, as there had been no previous indication that a Papal message was about to be issued. The press, however, using a phrase from the document itself, welcomed the letter as a powerful summons to a "crusade of mercy," and gave prominence to the paragraphs in which the Pontiff pointed to "the unbridled race for armaments" and its enormous drainage upon public wealth as a cause of the present crisis. Stressing the fact that throughout the world great multitudes of unemployed workingmen were being reduced to extreme indigence, the Holy Father issued a grave warning, reminding the world that their want, if not provided for, may push them to the point of exasperation. Invoking the law and the ideal of charity, the Pope summoned all to a crusade "unquestionably of sacrifice" in their behalf. He proposed that the Bishops act as the centers of distribution of the relief offered by the Faithful, and appealed to the Faithful themselves to respond generously to the charitable plans of the Bishops. The Holy Father's characteristic solicitude for children led him to emphasize strongly their sufferings in this time of need and also to issue the Letter on the Feast of the Guardian Angels. He asked in conclusion that triduum be held in every parish church before the Feast of Christ the King in order to spread abroad thoughts of peace and its gifts.

For next week, Joseph F. Thorning, acting as Special Correspondent of AMERICA, with a roving commission in England, France, and Germany, has sent an article from England which he entitles "The Workshop of the World."

Julia Nott Waugh's article on "The Return of the Franciscans" was unavoidably held out of this issue and will appear next week.

H. C. Watts saw Timothy Malony and his family and household goods out on the sidewalk and was moved to write a piece, "O, Say Does That—"

"A Neglected Catholic Genius" will be the title of an article by Donald Marshall on the great musician, Anton Bruckner.

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Stabilizing Employment

TWO reports, recently emanating from agencies usually somewhat mutually hostile, agree that American industry must find some way of guaranteeing the worker steady employment. One report was issued by the United States Chamber of Commerce, and the other by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. When these two bodies can agree upon an issue that is both economic and humane, it is all but certain that the issue is not imaginary, but real, and that it deserves careful study.

The American Federation report proposes no solution, but suggests that President Hoover appoint a national conference of employers and labor "to discuss how all workers may share in all available employment." It does propose, however, such emergency measures as the immediate adoption of the five-day week, and a guarantee that all employees be assured of work at a reasonable wage. A suitable remedy for these recurrent periods of unemployment may be found, it believes, in "a long-range scientific plan to stabilize industry." The Federation asserts that it is easily possible to devise a plan of industrial production under which a stable balance may be maintained, and production carried on systematically over longer periods.

The report of the Chamber of Commerce goes more closely into details. It approves the plan offered some weeks ago by Gerard Swope, but stresses the fact that unless generally adopted, it would place employers who use it at a serious disadvantage. But it thinks well of Mr. Swope's comprehensive program which includes the creation of insurance funds as a protection against unemployment, sickness, and old age. Minor points may have to be changed, the report continues, "but it is most stimulating that a head of one of the country's greatest industrial companies recognizes the necessity for such forms of insurance." The Chamber would not favor, it is quite plain, any form of Federal relief, except that which would arise from the speedy "planning and execution of

public works," and it apparently would have little sympathy with the national conference suggested by the Federation.

Opinions may rightly differ as to the means to be used in stabilizing industry. One school will inevitably favor a maximum of Federal influence, while the other will regard the problem as purely a local issue with which the Federal Government has no direct concern. If this clash of opinions ends by invoking Federal authority to its legitimate limit, while stimulating local interest and responsibility, both the worker and the general public will be benefited. Many isolated manufacturing concerns have so stabilized their production that they have for years been able to guarantee their workers steady employment. The plan is not only humane, but economically profitable both to workers and employees, as experience has demonstrated. Investigators may rightly wonder why other concerns seem unable or unwilling to follow suit.

We confess to no great confidence in commissions appointed by the President. But if the commission asked by the Federation can induce producers, as a body, to realize that periods of unemployment react upon them as periods of low sales, we are for it. For some reason, the American employer has the reputation of knowing how to make his dollars work, and occasionally that reputation is merited. Yet an impartial view of the field allows the conclusion that an industrial philosophy which is wholly unable to prevent regularly recurring and devastating periods of unemployment, is not wisdom but, from every point of view, sheer folly. But when Mammon comes in, common sense goes out, for that fallen angel is not only the least-erected spirit, as the poet sings, but the most stupid, even in advancing his own interests.

The Inch and the Ell

EVEN among the most determined advocates of the use of contraceptives, some will admit that these should not be used indiscriminately, but "in moderation." By what means "moderation" is to be insured, they do not state. Their silence is prudent, for if they know anything of human nature, they must be aware, as Dr. John A. Ryan recently said, that "artificial birth control is one of those practices that human nature will not use in moderation."

The proposal made by a New York physician that contraceptives be restricted to those who can give a good reason for desiring them, is on a par with the Lambeth Conference advice that they be used only from a supernatural motive. Granted that this practice is not wrong in itself, but only under certain circumstances, he will be a dull oaf who cannot "give a good reason," or fail to persuade himself that his motives are in the highest degree supernatural. Yield human nature an inch, and it will take an ell.

Pitted against physical passion, conscience all too often fights a losing battle. Protestantism began by allowing one cause for divorce, but the concession was fatal, for the secularized State, which accepted that inch, soon stretched it into an ell. A century ago the States, generally,

granted divorces with reluctance, and only for adultery. Today, Nevada will register a divorce while you wait, and for causes which, reduced to their ultimate significance, simply mean that the applicant wishes a divorce. "Legalized" birth control would be a source equally prolific of peril, to the stability of domestic society, and to the standards of decency in the community.

Atheism in the Colleges

THE address of the Bishop of Omaha at the convention of the National Council of Catholic Women should be distributed in every parish in the United States. In direct and simple language Bishop Rummel told the delegates that parents who permitted their children to attend non-Catholic schools or colleges were, in many instances, subjecting them to the influence of men to whom the supernatural was folly, and morality a code of convenience. Among their teachers are "men who, leaving their legitimate domain to discourse on religion and morality," present to the student a series of propositions which deny, directly or by inference, the value of reason as well as of Faith.

Bishop Rummel's charges are no novelty to those who have studied the American school and college. For nearly thirty years earnest non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, have been seriously concerned with the growth of irreligion and moral indifferentism in our great secular institutions, frequented by about ninety per cent of our young people. As long as the secular philosophy which now infects all social and economic agencies in this country is held in favor, moral and religious indifferentism will be the creed of our schools and colleges.

Writing in this Review a few weeks ago, the Rev. William I. Lonergan, S.J., cited book and chapter for a series of horrifying propositions, either held, or actively promulgated, by professors in prominent American colleges. At least a score of our universities countenance, if they do not approve, atheistic societies for the students. At Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Southern California, Haverford, Princeton, and Carleton, we meet professors who in their writings deny or doubt the very existence of God. In other schools, we find attacks upon almost every article of the Creed, and statements which positively deny the existence of an objective standard of morality. The effect on the student is deplorable. Given a professor of fixed reputation in the literary or scientific world, endow him with the gifts of pleasing address and plausible argument, introduce him into a class of young men and women whose untrained minds do not enable them to distinguish show from substance; and within a year the result will be a class of young men and women to whom religion is a cross between a delusion and a tyranny, and morality an outworn superstition. Miracles can happen, and do. But long and sad experience teaches that God does not ordinarily intervene to save in a miraculous manner young men and women, who from their first day at college, have been exposed to influences deliberately calculated to remove from them the last traces of their Christian Faith.

Parents who with their eyes open to the dangers of a training under non-Catholic auspices, permit their children to attend a non-Catholic school, sin against one of their gravest obligations. The Canon Law merely repeats a mandate of the law of nature when it imposes upon parents the obligation to provide to the best of their ability for the religious and moral welfare of the child. Obviously, a parent who exposes his child to the destructive influences which form an essential part of the training at every non-Catholic school is not providing for that child's religious and moral welfare.

Rather he is undermining it.

The Bishop can tolerate attendance by a Catholic at one of these schools, but only when all proximate occasions of danger to Faith and morals have been removed. If they cannot be removed—and it is difficult to see how they can be removed from some institutions—not even the Vicar of Christ can sanction it. But we fear that few chanceries in this country are troubled with an accumulation of cases submitted to the Ordinary for his examination. Most parents who enter their children at non-Catholic schools do so in defiance of the natural, the ecclesiastical, and the Divine laws.

There is too much easy toleration in Catholic circles of these sinners. It is not edifying to read that men and women whose children never saw a Catholic school are "prominent Catholics," or to hear that they have been chosen to head Catholic societies. In these irreligious days, a man's certificate of Catholic character is the presence of his children in Catholic schools.

Law-ridden and Lawless

THE speech of Senator Bingham, of Connecticut, delivered over the radio some weeks ago, was in the best style of Thomas Jefferson. As the Senator may not agree with that judgment, we hasten to add that we think it a tribute to his intelligence. Jefferson saw in the growing powers of the Federal courts a danger to the rights of the States, acknowledged by the Constitution, but Senator Bingham shows how far Federal aggression has traveled since Jefferson's age. Today, we are actually living under Federal commissions, which usurp the power of Congress to enact laws, and of the courts to judge whether the citizen has violated them. This condition has come about from the craze, which shows few signs of abating, "for making more and more laws to cure various ills and to promote the happiness of the citizen," whether or not the ills or the happiness be real or fancied, within the orbit of legislation, or beyond it.

It would be humorous, were it not most alarming, to note that the net result of ten years of intensive legislation by Congress and our State legislatures, is the worst criminal record in our history. That same period witnessed more bank failures, more commercial ruins, and deeper financial depression, than any preceding decade. Evidently there is something wrong in the theory that all will go well in this turbulent world, if we so decree by legislative fiat.

The most outrageous excesses, beyond all doubt, have

occurred in the field of Federal legislation. We long since passed the stage of paternal government. Today what Congress favors is, rather, good old granny government. The dear old soul means well, but she thinks that anything is right which she has made up her mind to favor. Senator Bingham and Senator King, of Utah, are two of a very small group in the Senate, who realize that the scope of the Federal Government's legitimate powers is wide, but not unlimited.

The Pope's Crusade

SOME years ago, the City of New York gave one of its departments a new name by changing "charity" to "public welfare," on the principle that "charity" was a bitter word. In view of its current meaning, the city fathers were right, since for many years the word has connoted little that is sweet or pleasant. We associate it with the picture of tossing a penny to a beggar, of presenting an aged dame with a red flannel petticoat, of visiting the sick with a basket of provisions—and of returning home in a glow of conscious rectitude.

But it never occurs to us that charity is a positive law. We seldom reflect that this law has obligations which bind quite as certainly as our obligation, for instance, to pay our debts, or to give every man at all times what is his. To most of us, charity is a matter of supererogation, not of precept.

Now not the least of the many merits of Papal pronouncements on labor and the poor is their clear and continued insistence on the law of charity. While they do not confound it with justice, they never fail to point out that it imposes obligations. To mistake one for the other, and to exact under a title of justice what is really due under the law of charity, would lead to serious error. Yet, considering the ease with which human nature tires of well doing, it is probably correct to say that the man who proposes to confine himself to strict justice in dealing with his fellows, will almost certainly fall short of justice. Charity is at once the safeguard, and, morally speaking, the condition of justice. To be sure that we give enough, we must give in goodly measure pressed down and overflowing.

Thus in the Apostolic Letter of October 2, Pius XI once more reminds us that charity is a law, and, in sober fact, the first and greatest of laws. For, substantially, charity is love of God above all things, and love of our neighbor as ourselves for His sake. Thus defined, the broad and ennobling qualities of charity are thrown into clear relief. Charity supplies the sick man with oil and wine, or their modern equivalents, because he has a claim on them, based on the Divine law that we must love our neighbor as ourselves. Philanthropy recognizes no true claim. It furnishes the oil and the wine because sick people are a detriment to the welfare of the State, or because the sight of them harries one's feelings. Philanthropy is narrow and restricted, but true charity is as wide as the love of which the human heart is capable.

Since all Catholics know what charity is, even though they cannot describe it with technical accuracy, it can

be taken for granted that their response to the Holy Father's appeal will be instant and generous. Nearly all our dioceses have a central body to which the work of relief this winter can be referred, should the Bishops, following the Holy Father's suggestion, find this arrangement preferable. Some years ago Pius XI praised the liberality of the American people, and the tribute was well deserved. The history of the Church in this country shows that the Catholic laity have never failed their leaders, but have contributed generously out of their scanty resources to every call for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God.

Hence we are confident that the Holy Father's Crusade will bring relief, and even a certain amount of comfort this winter, to millions who would otherwise succumb to cold and hunger. But if it is to succeed, action must be taken at once. We must give, and give generously.

Dwight W. Morrow

THE death of Senator Dwight W. Morrow, of New Jersey, on October 5, removes from the field of government a figure of real importance. Some men in public life have brains, and some have character; but few have both. Senator Morrow was one of the few.

Prior to his appointment as Ambassador to Mexico in January, 1928, Mr. Morrow was known to a small section of the public as an influential member of the banking house of Morgan. To his new work, the Ambassador brought an energy which promised immediate results. In the opinion of some Catholics, both in Mexico and the United States, he yielded too much at the outset to the *de facto* Government, and reposed in its representatives a confidence that was not merited, so that week by week his position became more difficult. Yet the policies which he adopted after careful consideration would have brought peace to that war-scourged country had the Government, which apparently accepted them, given them an honest and consistent adherence. But that was not to be, and the Ambassador lived long enough to see the work he had tried to do for civil and religious liberty in Mexico all but destroyed.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Morrow became a candidate for the Senate and began his campaign by vigorously attacking Federal Prohibition. But his brief term in the Senate gave him no opportunity to carry out the pledges which had contributed very materially to his election. He made no speeches in the Senate, and took no part in caucuses, and while he was never regarded as a spokesman for the Administration, it was well known that for nearly a year he had been employed by it in harmonizing exceedingly difficult issues, arising from problems of international finance.

His clear mind and charm of manner made him an ideal conciliator, and in this capacity he often acted in public and private controversies of importance. Not a great statesman, except in promise, Dwight W. Morrow's was a career of usefulness and distinction. His passing at this critical time leaves a vacancy that will not easily be filled.

Forgotten Facts of Yorktown

LAURENCE J. KENNY, S.J.

AN old historian used to say that the more he read and thought the more convinced he was that only two really great events had occurred in world history: the Creation, particularly of the first human soul; and the life—the birth and death—of Him who arose from the grave, the Saviour of mankind. These were Divine-human events. God herein touched our world; and all humanity is in consequence transfigured with an eternal splendor. All mere human deeds, set beside these, become mere antics. Descending from large things to small, it may be likewise maintained that there were but two great facts in American history: the discovery of this New World by Columbus, and the winning of our national independence. This latter occurrence is summarized into unity by the picture of the surrender of the British troops at Yorktown on October 19, 1781.

When Chicago in 1893 celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America in a truly worthy World's Columbian Exposition, the Catholic character of Columbus's achievement was not overlooked, and its recognition very clearly gave brilliance, dignity, and substance to the entire celebration. In the Yorktown commemoration, on the contrary, the Catholic features of the victory of 1781 are almost neglected. For instance, after the real surrender at Yorktown, a century and a half ago, the American Congress went in a body to a church in Philadelphia to attend a Mass of thanksgiving for the blessing of that glorious triumph. We cannot do enough to keep alive the memory of this remarkable action of the American Congress. This extraordinary outpouring of sweet gratitude to God and to France, the eldest daughter of the Church, which raised the representatives of our nation so far above themselves and their narrow inherited prejudices as to bring them to partake in the supreme act of Catholic worship, is part of the invisible pageantry of the commemoration of that victory.

Again, there were almost a hundred Catholic priests, serving under the colors, in the Yorktown campaign. We have the names of about eighty of them, and it is certain that there were several others. Was there any other religious body so strongly represented by its clergy in all this action? Were there fifty—half as many—ministers of all non-Catholic religions combined? There were not. When one reads of the Yorktown commemorative exercises, one must recall the fact that Catholic priests exposed their lives so numerous in the supreme moment of America's birth to nationhood. A Catholic priest today there in Virginia, who so well represents the Washington family and who bears and honors its name, will celebrate Mass and the Bishop of Richmond will take a prominent part by pronouncing the invocation.

Happily it can be acknowledged that there was no malice in the hearts of the American historians to whom the blame for our forgetfulness of these things ultimately falls, for, of course, there is blame. There was no hate,

but there was indeed a supine surrender of the truth. A long line of historians were overwhelmed by the desire to write what would most interest and please the many and the near; thus the valiant deeds of the few and distant worthies were neglected; thus fiction took the place of history, and that ennobling gratitude, displayed so strikingly by the makers of the nation in the hour of victory, has passed away. Truth has been compelled to lay down her arms. The people do not know that the highest temporal good of our nation was won for us by the generous sons of the much-maligned old Mother Church.

It will scarcely be questioned that the all-important items in the Yorktown Campaign of a hundred and fifty years ago were these: (A) What mind thought out and planned the campaign? (B) Who financed the campaign? (C) Who were the actual combatants that won the victory? Deeper than these, of course, is the question of the justice of the war. We pass over this last consideration, because even the English who were liberals of that day, and all the British today, admit the righteousness of Washington and the other one-time "rebels," and of their cause.

When it is asked who planned the Yorktown campaign (A), the credit goes to that valiant son of the Catholic church, Rochambeau. Washington, and Lafayette with him, were constantly dreaming of an attack upon the British forces in New York City. They did not seem to know that American captains had refused to pilot the French ships over the shoals off Sandy Hook even though offered \$30,000 by the French if they would do it. Lafayette, at Washington's right hand, wrote to Rochambeau almost commanding him to move against New York, but the conscientious Rochambeau, refusing to undertake what he knew to be a foolhardy enterprise, replied in words that ought never be forgotten, stating that he had the experience of forty years, and of 15,000 men who had fallen under his command, he had not as yet to reproach himself for the loss of a single one.

The French financed the Yorktown Campaign, (B). Shortly after landing Rochambeau wrote back to France:

Upon our arrival here the people were in consternation; the paper money had fallen to sixty for one; and even the Government takes it up at forty to one. Washington had for a long time only 3,000 men under his command. . . . The war will be an expensive one. We pay for even our quarters and for the land covered by the camp. . . . Send us troops, ships and money, but do not depend upon these people nor upon their means. . . . Their means of resistance are only momentary and called upon when attacked in their own homes. They then assemble for the moment of danger. Washington commands at times 15,000, sometimes 3,000.

A little later he wrote again that the American paper currency had now been reduced so low as 1,000 for one; and so was completely "annulled" by Congress. Happily at this juncture there came from France a first installment of the contribution of the Catholic clergy of France towards the prosecution of the war. Though M. I. J.

Griffin and others had long ago called attention to this contribution of \$6,000,000 by the clergy of France, Miss Elizabeth Kite has recently brought out the documentary evidence of it with such fulness and order that there can no longer be any gainsaying of the marvelous, but little-known, fact. Certainly there would have been no victory at Yorktown had not Catholic finances arrived on our shores so opportunely.

Coming to the final query (C), who were the actual combatants, it is amusing to compare the numbers of the troops as found in various books of history, even those of highly extolled writers, with the official figures. Almost all agree that the combined French and American forces on land numbered 16,000 men, which is correct enough. But nine out of ten of our histories, and practically all school books, say that 9,000 of these were Americans and 7,000 French. The fact is there were 9,848 French soldiers there; the remainder of the 16,000 were Americans. Nor must it be passed over that the Catholics among the Americans were numerous, out of all proportion to their numbers in the general American population. The French occupied the trenches around beleaguered Yorktown both in the middle and on the left; the Americans held the right. In the one attack which was made on the town, the American casualties were forty-one (eight were fatalities), the French were 106.

In the ordinary sense of the word *battle*, there was no battle on land at Yorktown. It was a siege; the British were cornered, the victors had merely to practise patience and wait until they starved to death or surrendered. They surrendered. The noble Lord Cornwallis reported back

to London that 3,500 able men were surrendered to an enemy force of 21,000. He was clearly weak in figures. He was likewise too weak to make the surrender. He sent General O'Hara to attend to this duty, who offered the sword to General Lincoln.

If there was a battle at Yorktown, it was on the sea. An English fleet, powerful for that day, with above 20,000 troops, came from New York to release the enmeshed Cornwallis. It encountered the French fleet near the capes of the Chesapeake, within sight of Yorktown, and was defeated. The numbers engaged here were far in excess of those who took part in the siege on land. In fact there were more combatants face to face in this struggle than in any other battle of the Revolution; but our books give it little or no attention for the reason that no Americans had any part in the contest. The actual number of Frenchmen engaged in the Yorktown campaign was 32,735; the Americans were but a fraction of this number. It is not to be wondered at that not only in Paris but also in Philadelphia the solemn thanksgivings to God should have been offered up in Catholic worship, at the Mass.

American children know the Revolutionary slogan that now is the hour that tries men's souls, but few American grown-ups have examined the outcome of that hour to learn what character of souls came forth triumphant from the trial. Great souls love justice and hate iniquity. It is clear that the children of the Mother Church, loving justice and hating iniquity responded to the cry of the suffering colonists with remarkable unanimity. They were tried and not found wanting.

Esperanto Catholico et Universo

JOHN GIBBONS

NOT so very long ago one of our papers was running a correspondence on the World language, and though I could of course have settled the question in a minute, one can't be always advertising oneself. Added to which I didn't see the paper until the matter was editorially (and indecisively) concluded. But for all that, I know perfectly well what the World Language is. Latin, and even my particular branch of it, full thirty-five years old as it is and enriched by many medieval curiosities apparently unknown to other scholars, will function in places where my English, my French, or my American, may be totally unintelligible.

Like the time that I went up north, the north I mean of Europe. The mails aren't always too good, and when I got back my wife casually remarked that there had been a fortnight with no line of any sort and that she had been thinking of coming out to look for me. But though touched at her devotion, I mentioned that she couldn't really have come, because to the best of my marital memory I had left her without any money. But that, she said, would have been all right, because whenever I went away she never knew what I should be doing beyond that it would almost certainly be something fool-

ish, and so in case of emergencies she always kept a certain amount of cash concealed somewhere; only she wouldn't tell me where.

Even so, I went on, a sweet time she'd have without a word of the language and practically begging her way from Consul to Consul. I know something about them, having twice been to their offices, once in Sicily and once in Portugal, to explain that I was spent up and should now please like our far-flung Empire to do something about it. And you would almost have thought that it was to be myself and not the Empire that was going to be far-flung. An irritable set of men. But, my wife continued, if ever the time did come, she wouldn't worry to go near any consulates at all. For what, she added brightly, was wrong with the Catholic Church and just getting a letter in Latin from our suburban parish church and showing it to every priest she came across? And though of course on general principles I couldn't agree with my own wife, I am ready to admit privately that there is a good deal in the idea.

Narva, by the way, was where my letters hadn't properly arrived from, and when you consider the place you can hardly be surprised. It's in the extreme north-east

corner of Estonia, you know, next door to the Bolshevik frontier. And the moment that I climbed down from the log-stove warmth of the carriage at the station and stepped out into about three feet of snow, I realized that I had made a bit of a bloomer and had booked to the end of the world without quite meaning it and without even taking the preliminary caution of applying myself to a short correspondence course in whatever language it might be. At first go-off I didn't know enough to ask for a *Voorastemaja*, and though with growing hauteur I kept saying "hotel" to an interested and increasing circle of gentlemen in fur coats, nobody seemed properly quite to get me.

But in Narva one can't stand indefinitely in the snow, because about every two minutes you have to turn your back to the wind and unthaw your eyelashes, and so pretty soon I was saying it in pantomime, resting my head on my overcoat arm to express sleep and a place to lie down. And though of course I did it with all dignity, the Narvaneese, or whatever they are, seemed a bit slow in the up-take, even the very sleigh horses waiting there like taxicabs looking slightly overwhelmed about it all.

It was like that all over, and though the barmaid young lady at the hotel—the fluffy-haired one, not the dark girl—thought she had about three words of English, she thought wrong, her three words being really German. Both languages come from countries enormously far off, and the poor kid had got a bit mixed up. There for some hundreds of miles in that shamefully ignorant corner of Europe there didn't seem to be a solitary soul able to understand plain English. Putting my head on my arm for sleep was nothing, for pretty soon I was pointing to my mouth for food. But by some absolute miracle of mercy I was able to pronounce the local word for beer. It was *peervo*, and that's the same in Yugoslavia where I had once been. I take it to be some Russian word. Anyway there it was, and I was saved from total starvation.

Narva is a pretty marvelous place, as I understand now that I am home again and able to read it up in guide books written in a human language. Finno-Ugric race, bed of Peter the Great in Ruutli Street, Hermann's Castle, Ivangorod Fortress—that must have been where the sentry shouted so rudely at me—city visited by King Charles of Sweden (complete with army), by Tsar Alexander III, and also by Mr. George W. Childs Drexel, of Philadelphia, U. S. A. But I bet that all those distinguished people came in the summer.

Lots, of course, I missed. Like Peter the Great's bed; and then the Lutheran Cathedral in Rahu Street I only saw from outside. The door was locked whenever I tried it. But the Russian Cathedral I did get into; with a lot of very curious ikon things all gold round the profiles and then blackly blank where the actual faces should have come. And people in front of them lying kissing the stone flags of the great bare floor. Also in the huge, dark porchway I passed the heavily bearded priest, but though with instinctive courtesy to a native I raised my hat, he passed me as though I was some barbaric foreigner.

It was not, however, cathedrals that I was after, for

what I really wanted was the actual frontier. It's about six miles from Narva, only with the natives not being able to speak English and with me not having a map, it wasn't so easy to find the way and in fact I was walking round and round the town about two days before I was sure even of the right road. Then it isn't much of a road, having in the sixteen years since 1914 got a bit out of repair. In fact with the snow over everything, you couldn't really tell which was supposed to be road and which plain field. There is nothing out that way, you see, and half a mile east of Narva you've left the last house and there is just nothing, no traffic, no herds, no people, no cultivation. I doubt if even a Florida Realty Man could work up the property round that Bolshy frontier as anything of an Eligible Residential Neighborhood. It's dead deserted, dead flat, and with not a thing but a rare clump of stunted fir trees in the distance to break the monotony of that dead, white chaos. Miles away, you can turn round and still see the tinted domes of the Narva churches; they look a bit like something out of a fairy-tale book, with yourself as the imbecile prince walking away from the Enchanted City and into the ogre land of Giant Grim.

For maybe three hours I was staggering along the six miles of that road. You don't walk too fast in that snow, and then there is the turning-round-to-unthaw-eye-lashes business. In fact I was getting a bit sick of it and wondering when on earth something was going to happen, when quite suddenly it did happen; with a gentleman about eight feet high, all furs and leather, stepping out of the general desolation from behind a bit of a tree where I hadn't noticed him. Estonian frontier sentry, of course, and a magnificent man he was apart from looking even taller in his uniform. But the bit that I especially noticed about his equipment was his rifle, because he had it at the ready, with him at one end and me at the other.

And though speaking in very slow and clear English indeed I explained how dangerous it was to hold a rifle like that and how many accidents had occurred through the things going off, he didn't seem to understand. I am certain that the huge wolf-like police dog that was with the fellow positively misunderstood me. He gave the air of a dog—if indeed he was a dog—that meant to get at the truth, even if he had to tear it piecemeal out of somebody's throat. I strongly suspect that neither of that pair in all their precious lives had ever before met a decent taxpayer from Crouch End, Hornsey, London.

And now the man was pointing and I was obviously to follow that bit of a trail through the snow. As for myself I wanted to know where it led to. I did follow it, with the soldier and his rifle just behind me and that poor misguided brute of a wolfhound leaping fiercely round me. It was a wood that we went to, with half hidden in it a tiny blockhouse and perhaps a dozen soldiers inside, and a gentleman who was their obvious officer to whom bowing with easy grace I presented my passport. It's a very fine passport, with one snappy bit in it bidding everyone in the name of His Majesty the King do everything possible in the way of speeding and

assisting me. That's the bit that I had showed to the consul in Portugal when I tried to tap him for a few dollars. Then another bit forbade me from Taking Up Work in Hungary, and there were scraps about France and Italy and Spain and Finland and lots more places. About eighteen countries in all, I fancy.

But the officer seemed a bit puzzled about it and me, and when I tried to explain in rather scrappy French that I was merely taking a bit of a stroll he only shook his head. I gathered that it was not a country where constitutional promenades were common. No hiking down the frontier line. More French I tried, and he had a go with German; only I don't know any. Then came what might have been Russian and it was my turn to say *Niente*, which is probably Italian for "No, I speak very little Russian indeed." It seemed in fact what in literature we technically call an *impasse*, with a nasty impression in my mind that my hosts might get out of the difficulty by a summary execution. The wolf hound, as far as I could judge, seemed strongly in favor of such a course.

Then an idea came to me and *Anglicus sum*, I said; and after a shot or two the officer nodded understand-

ingly. *Volo videre*, I went on brightly,—would *marginem inimicum* be good for *frontier*? *Sum Scriptor*, and I couldn't help myself from bursting out laughing. Some Writer, indeed! Now whether it was the Latinity or the laughing I don't know, but after that it was as easy as possible. *Amo, Amas, Amat*, roared the officer, and *Mensa, Mensam, Mensae* I replied with spirit. The hut was in a roar, even that infernal wolf-dog relaxing as if he knew that the crisis was over. And I pointed to the page in the passport that showed my *visa*, and how I'd got it free, *gratis*, as a journalist. He was understanding things now, and in a minute my scholarship had converted me from a suspect into an honored guest.

Just that way the frontier was, he seemed to be pointing, and this soldier and that would escort me to the actual wire. As they stepped out grinning, my friend hesitated just a moment and then in a tone of hospitable enquiry hazarded *refectarium*? My good old Jugoslavian *peevo* it was. As I told you, I knew that word.

But Latin is the international language. The Esperanto of my title may or may not be academically correct; I do not know, having only just now made it up. But I do know what it means. Latin every time.

Bogotá's Padre of the Poor

STEPHEN J. MEANY, S.J.

NEXT door to one of the Jesuit houses of study in Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, is perhaps the poorest of all the poor sections in this city of 250,000 souls. The students of the college were even forbidden to pass through the *Barrio de la Perseverancia*, as this section is called. Looking south from the windows of the college through the dense grove of eucalyptus trees which surrounds the college on three sides, one can barely make out the red-tiled roofs of the section on the other side of the long adobe wall that marks the limit of the college grounds. I often wondered just what was the secret of that prohibition against entering the college through the streets of the *Barrio*. But since it was really out of the way to make an entrance from that side, my curiosity never grew to any alarming proportions.

Finally one Sunday morning I was given the opportunity to see the *Barrio*, and one look was enough. After spending a half-hour in the *Barrio de la Perseverancia* that Sunday morning, I never again wanted to see either that *Barrio* or any *barrio* like it. Two of us had been asked to carry a message to the priest saying nine o'clock Mass in the *Barrio* chapel; although one could hardly call it a chapel; for it consisted of nothing more than an altar set up under a sort of roof or canopy, the congregation kneeling or standing before it on the bare ground.

We entered the *Barrio* through a little door set in the wall surrounding the college grounds. This door opened into one of the streets of the *Barrio*. Did I say street? Dirty little mud or brick cottages in two rows more or less regular separated by a dirt lane—that was the street through which we were walking. The ground underfoot

was broken and rutted, and littered with all kinds of filth thrown from the houses on either side. Dirty little children in various stages of undress played around in the mud. Poor children! Born in filth, reared in filth, and knowing no better from the cradle to the grave. Their elders sat on the doorsteps or looked out at us as we passed. Girls whose only article of clothing was a faded and ragged old dress; mothers no better off except for a black shawl thrown over their shoulders; men looking like vagabonds, shirtless and shoeless. The better dressed of all these wore a kind of fiber sandal; stockings are an unheard-of luxury.

There are several thousand such people living like animals in the *Barrio*. Now and then someone would look up as we passed and give us the "Good morning, padre." But a hostile silence was their usual tribute. For this locality is a hotbed of Socialism, Bolshevism, and all the other "isms." The padre is not very welcome there. Our errand accomplished, we lost no time in putting the adobe wall between ourselves and the *Barrio de la Perseverancia*. It felt good to breathe once more an atmosphere not infected with disease, disease of body and disease of soul. The air of that *Barrio* is thick with uncleanness and immorality.

Now we understood why it was best not to enter the college by way of the *Barrio*. And now indeed we appreciated to the full another *barrio* that we had visited some time before, a *barrio* that spoke of godliness, of cleanliness, and of contentment. This second *barrio* is the *Barrio* of St. Francis Xavier, founded and directed by Padre Campoamor in the same city of Bogotá. But let us first

tell you something of Padre Campoamor and his *Circulo de Obreros*.

It is twenty-five years since Padre Campoamor, a Spanish Jesuit, crossed over from Spain to start a labor of love that has grown into an immense organization and gained fame and respect throughout the Republic of Colombia. The padre chose Bogotá as the scene of a great social experiment and there he founded the *Circulo de Obreros*, a Society of Poor Working People. The good that the *Circulo* has wrought among the poor of Bogotá and Facatativa, a town some thirty miles from the capital, cannot yet be appreciated, but certain it is that future generations will bless the energy and love of Padre Campoamor.

The Padre is a thin, nervous man of medium height, a bundle of energy. From four o'clock in the morning when the rising bell sounds for the Jesuit community in the college of San Bartolomé, until nine or ten at night, the Padre is on the go. Just as he is the life of the *Circulo de Obreros* so the *Circulo* is his life. His every waking moment is spent in rushing from one enterprise of the *Circulo* to another, directing, organizing, commanding—and being obeyed. He is a dictator in his little world, demanding and strangely winning the support of all whose help is needed. Jesuit superiors, Government officials, rich patrons, and the working people who are the only direct beneficiaries of the *Circulo*, are all prepared at a moment's notice to further the cause with money, permissions, and personal labor.

One morning we accompanied the Padre on his daily tour of inspection. We called for him at nine in the morning at the main office of the *Circulo* just across the street from the college. In this building—the ordinary one-story dwelling type so common in Bogotá, consisting of a spacious *patio* surrounded on all sides by rooms whose windows in front open directly over the sidewalk—are located many of the *Circulo's* activities. First there is Padre Campoamor's office, which is at the same time an employment agency and the editorial office of the *Boletin del Circulo de Obreros*, a weekly newspaper written, edited and printed by the padre and his co-workers. Then, across the hall is the main office of the bank of the *Circulo*. Here the poor may deposit any amount from five cents up. On one side of the inner *patio* is a dormitory for young men, and on the other a grammar school for children. A night school for young men is conducted in the classroom of the grammar school. *Circulo* gives frequent entertainments.

Padre Campoamor took us around to each of these places in turn. He showed us how he gathers news for the weekly edition of the *Boletin*. There at a long table were a young man and woman selecting interesting items of world news from a variety of dailies spread out before them. The *Boletin* at one cent a copy is within reach of the members of the *Circulo* who are too poor to buy a daily newspaper. Which does not mean that the poor are the only subscribers to this powerful little weekly, for editorials by Padre Campoamor, who is no respecter of persons, are choice bits of reading even for the rich.

Next we visited the office of the bank. The manager and his young lady clerks, all members of the *Circulo*, were busy with their ledgers and adding machines. There are branch offices of the bank in Chapinero, a suburb of Bogotá, and in Facatativa.

A visit to the dormitory disclosed a long room, double-lined with neat little cots. Young men from out of town laboring in Bogotá may here find cheap and clean lodging. Next we crossed the *patio* to the grammar school. The little tots were already on tip-toe eager to welcome the Padre and his visitors. As we stood looking in the door the pupils with one voice cried out, "Good morning, Padre," and awaiting the Padre's "Good morning, children. Are you behaving yourselves?" "Si, Padre," was the chorused response. We soon found this to be the formula in each class we visited.

Having seen all there was to see at headquarters we started out to witness other scenes of the *Circulo's* activities. Down the narrow cobbled street a short distance the Padre stopped before an open shop to bid good morning to the girl behind the counter. The walls and counters of the shop were hung with all sorts of household linens, tablecloths, bedclothes, dresses, aprons, and everything to delight the housewife's heart. This shop is the outlet for the home-sewn products of the women members of the *Circulo*. Next door we visited another of the *Circulo's* grammar schools, and in the same building the shop where the *Boletin* is printed. In this printing shop, the "*Circulo de Obreros* Press" as we read in the advertisement in the *Boletin*, "work is done with care, punctuality, and economy."

From here we took the trolley to the southern end of the city. A block from where we descended from the trolley the padre led us to a huge enclosure fenced in by the usual adobe wall. A pair of high iron gates opened the way through to what was described over the gates as the "*Barrio de San Francisco Javier*." No wonder the padre is proud of his little *Barrio*. As we stood in the gateway we saw before us six square blocks of little white cottages with red-tiled roofs. The dirt streets were smooth and clean. On one side of the entrance was a little chapel; we could see the sanctuary lamp burning before the Blessed Sacrament. On the other side was a new two-story building containing stores, classrooms, and meeting rooms.

One hundred families live in the *Barrio*, each in its clean one-story, four-room house with a little back yard garden. They pay a rent of only two dollars a month. The housewives showed us around their little homes. With what pride they pointed out to us the clean rooms and well-kept gardens. Once more we saw how the school children's faces lit up at the sight of their beloved padre. How the padre smiled at our expressions of amazement on beholding this utopia of the poor. There is a kitchen where the children may take their noonday meal for a cent a day; a nursery where working mothers may leave their babies; a swimming pool for the youngsters; a playground for young and old; and an outdoor theatre for plays and pageants.

To enjoy the benefits of the *Barrio* those who dwell

there must conform to the rules of the *Circulo*. They must live as good Catholics and conduct themselves according to Padre Campoamor's conception of how a poor man ought to live. He even prescribes the dress they are to wear. Those who do not dress within their means cease to be members of the organization, which means they must give up their homes in the *Barrio*.

A short trolley ride from the *Barrio* brought us to the farm of *Santa Teresita*. This twenty-acre farm is the home of as happy a group of girls as one could wish to see. They range in age from twelve to twenty. Their days are spent, under the leadership of one of the older girls appointed by Padre Campoamor, attending class, sewing, and working on the farm. From their ranks have come scores of nuns for the various Religious houses in and around Bogotá; while others from the farm of *Santa Teresita* are raising happy families in the *Barrio* of St. Francis Xavier. Who are these girls who live on the "Little Flower Farm"? They have either come from out of town to seek employment in Bogotá or they are otherwise prohibited from living with their families. The farm offers them a happy home and wholesome surroundings until the time has come for them either to enter the convent or to establish a home of their own.

There remains to explain just one more of Padre Campoamor's activities. This is—well, let's call it the Social Center, although he frankly refers to it as the "House of Matrimony." In a spacious residence in another part

of the city, under the watchful eyes of some of the rich patronesses of the *Circulo*, the young men and women of the *Circulo* may meet—purpose, matrimony. Padre Campoamor favors early marriage among his people. If the young folks are seen meeting outside the Social Center the *Circulo* disowns them completely.

And so, with this fabric of nurseries, schools, dormitories, banks, homes, and social activities, Padre Campoamor has ensnared his beloved poor in a social network that rules their lives from the cradle to the grave. Perhaps they do not enjoy the liberty—or should we say license—of the poor outside the *Circulo*; but they do boast of an inheritance of far greater value, an inheritance of fervent Catholicism, of cleanliness, of economic security, and of happiness.

How does Padre Campoamor find time for all he does? He is the unofficial mayor of the *Barrio* and at the same time its chaplain, saying Mass and administering the Sacraments in the little village chapel; he is the editor of the *Boletin*; he is the dean of the *Circulo's* grammar schools; he is bank director and ambassador between the poor of the *Circulo* and those in authority. But above all he is the father of the poor. The members of the *Circulo* are his sons and daughters, his *hijos* and *hijas* as he calls them, and no earthly man ever received such loving respect as that attributed to Padre Campoamor by the members of the *Circulo de Obreros*. It is a modern social experiment that commands attention.

How Catholic Help Won Yorktown

GEORGE BARTON

HOW many of our fellow countrymen are aware that Count de Grasse, with the French fleet, made up of twenty-three ships of the line and a large convoy and manned by Catholic sailors and marines, was the deciding factor that brought about the siege and surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and thus ended British rule in the thirteen original Colonies and led to the foundation of the government of the United States?

Yet that is a fact amply proven by history and the testimony of no less a person than George Washington, the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces and the first President of the Nation. Catholics have just cause to be proud of their contribution to American liberty which, beginning when Charles Carroll, the richest man in the Colonies, affixed his characteristic signature to the immortal Declaration of Independence, concluded when De Grasse and his men defeated the British fleet off the Virginia Capes.

There were many anxious days between these two great events and there were times when the cause of the patriots hung in the balance. But there is a turning point in every great struggle and ours came when French soldiers and sailors and French money came to the aid of the struggling colonists. It was easy to declare independence; it was more difficult to achieve it. But if Valley Forge was the Good Friday of the struggle,

Yorktown was the Easter Sunday. All of this is brought to mind again by the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis on October 19, 1781.

The surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the British troops was not only the last great conflict of the Revolutionary War but was one of the most picturesque events of that memorable contest. The surrender itself was the final movement in a campaign mapped out with great genius and foresight by General Washington. With his French allies he marched from Phillipsburg to Stony Point, passing through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland to the head of the Chesapeake Bay. It was in the nature of a triumphal procession, the people turning out everywhere to look on the unaccustomed sight of the French soldiers.

It was on the morning of September 27, 1781, that Washington issued his famous order of battle and the next day the army left its camp in front of Williamsburg and began the march that was to end in the investment of Yorktown. The American and French soldiers formed a band of steel around Cornwallis and his 7,000 veterans. Trenches were dug and the siege commenced. The French fleet under De Grasse guarded the sea front from any relief from the British navy and it was only a question of time before the white flag was hoisted and preparations made for the surrender. The notable event

occurred on the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

We are particularly interested here in the part which De Grasse and his French compatriots played in this interesting drama. Historians all agree that the success or failure of the siege of Yorktown depended upon De Grasse and his men.

Henry P. Johnston, who has written a most authoritative story of the Yorktown campaign and the surrender of Cornwallis, has this to tell us about the naval side of the affair:

The success of whatever movement might be undertaken hinged upon the co-operation of De Grasse. As the land and naval commanders were not subject to one controlling mind, it became of the first importance for them to be in perfect harmony as to the plan of operations. In the present case, as long as Washington and Rochambeau were agreed, there could be no question of De Grasse's cordial cooperation. But the difficulty lay here, that the field of operations could not be fixed upon any length of time in advance—clearly not two months or even one in advance. What might the enemy not do within that period? Was there any certainty that Cornwallis would be in Virginia in August, when De Grasse proposed to be there? That Washington was anxious to prosecute the siege of New York as late as the first of August, and expected De Grasse to assist, is not to be doubted. It was the plan he then regarded as the most feasible. But he had considered all contingencies. He had already thought of a possible move to Virginia, and so advised Lafayette, that he might hold himself in readiness for it.

For instance, Washington wrote Lafayette on July 30:

I am convinced that your desire to be with this army arises principally from a wish to be actively useful. You will not, therefore, regret your stay in Virginia until matters are reduced to a greater degree of certainty than they are at present, especially when I tell you that, from the change of circumstances with which the removal of part of the enemy's forces from Virginia to New York will be attended, it is more than probable that we shall also entirely change our plan of operations. I think we have already effected one part of the plan of the campaign settled at Weathersfield—that is, giving a substantial relief to the Southern States, by obliging the enemy to recall a considerable part of their force from thence. Our views must now be turned toward endeavoring to expel them totally from those States, if we find ourselves incompetent to the siege of New York.

And he hinted at the expected arrival of De Grasse. By August 15, Washington had also sounded Robert Morris, at Philadelphia, as to the means of transportation from that point to Wilmington and beyond. From these and other expressions on the part of the chief, we may infer—as, indeed, one of his letters authorizes the inference—that even had De Grasse come to New York, Washington was ready to suggest his sailing back to the Chesapeake, while the army would move to the same point, if at that moment the situation in Virginia offered the most tempting prospects of success. In other words, the march upon Cornwallis was an alternative plan already maturing in Washington's mind, before word came from De Grasse that for good reasons he should sail immediately for the Chesapeake. When that word came Washington recognized that the situation was ripe for a change of plan, and at once decided to make it.

Washington was waiting in Philadelphia for the news of the arrival of his French supporter. Finally he left the city for the Head of Elk. He arrived in Chester the

same afternoon and received dispatches containing the welcome news that De Grasse was in the Chesapeake. He was filled with joy at the news and at once sent it to Congress and hurried on to join the troops. "I never saw a man so thoroughly and openly delighted as General Washington," says Duke de Louzen. When the American General reached the Head of Elk on September 6, 1781, he issued this congratulatory message to the army:

It is with the highest pleasure and satisfaction that the Commander-in-chief announces to the Army the arrival of Count de Grasse in the Chesapeake, with a very favourable Naval and Land force. At the same time he felicitates the army on the auspicious occasion, he anticipates the glorious events which may be expected from the combined operations now in contemplation. As no circumstance could possibly happen more opportunely in point of time, no prospect would ever have promised more opportunity of success. Nothing but want of exertion can possibly blast the pleasing prospect before us. The General calls upon the gentlemen officers, the brave and faithful soldiers he has the honour to command, to exert their utmost abilities in the cause of their country, to share with him, with their usual alacrity, the difficulties, dangers, and glory of the enterprise.

It was evident that we were on the eve of great events. The Allies pushing forward, Cornwallis remained quietly at York, Lafayette, Wayne, Greene, and the others all playing their appointed parts. The one thing needed was the help of De Grasse in shutting out the British. He had entered the Chesapeake and the English admirals determined to dislodge him by fighting if possible. At this stage of the game De Grasse

slipped his cables and stood out to sea for more room. His line of battle numbered twenty-four ships of line carrying 1,700 guns and 19,000 seamen. Opposite to him Graves presented the lighter armament of nineteen ships of the line, 1,400 guns and 13,000 seamen. At quarter-past four in the afternoon the action began and at half-past six it was over. The English Admiral found that two or three of his ships were badly damaged and after maneuvering four days returned to New York leaving De Grasse master of the Chesapeake.

"The fifth of September was, I confess, a moment of ambition for me," wrote Graves at a later day; and well it might have been. Could he have gained one of those memorable victories over De Grasse which so often grace the records of England's navy, the Yorktown campaign would have had a different termination. The secret of the British failure there was either the ministry's neglect in immediately securing absolute naval supremacy on this coast, after De Grasse sailed from France, or the overconfidence or carelessness of the admirals in command. It is the British naval administration that is to be charged with the Yorktown catastrophe. The blunders of Clinton and Cornwallis contributed only in a minor degree.

October 17, 1781, is a red-letter day in American history because it marks the surrender of Cornwallis. At ten o'clock that morning a drummer in red mounted the enemies' parapet and began to beat a parley. It was sweet music to American ears. With the drummer was an officer waving a white handkerchief. He was met and blindfolded by an American officer and conducted to the rear of our lines. He carried a message from Cornwallis asking that hostilities be suspended and that commissioners be appointed to determine terms of surrender. Wash-

ington asked that this proposal be submitted to him in writing. His request was complied with but one of Cornwallis' conditions was that his troops be sent to England on parole. Washington would not agree to this and his terms included surrender of the British army as prisoners of war.

The peace commissioners met at the Old Moore House, which still stands on the bank of the York a short distance back of the American lines, and drew the articles provided for the surrender. The articles were signed in the trenches and Cornwallis and his army were prisoners of war. At the closing scene the British appeared in new uniforms but their colors were cased and they were prohibited from playing a French or an American tune. That which they chose to follow was an old British march with the very apt title of "The World Turned Upside Down." Cornwallis, too humiliated to appear in person, was represented by one of his generals.

The news was received everywhere with great rejoicing. In Philadelphia people went wild. The King of France ordered a Te Deum to be sung in the metropolitan church in Paris and we are told that in Great Britain the disappointment was not universal. Watchmen in old Philadelphia went around their beats singing "Twelve o'clock, all's well, and Cornwallis is taken." In this connection we have an anecdote from the Pennsylvania *Freemen's Journal* which says that:

A watchman of this city, after having conducted the express rider to the door of his Excellency the President of Congress, on Monday morning last, the honest old German continued the duties of his function, calling out, "Basht dree o'glock, und Gorn—wal—lis isht da—ken."

The *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society give a complete list of the Catholic chaplains who were assigned to the ships of the French fleet which made possible the wonderful victory at Yorktown. They included Carmelites, Capuchins, Recollets, seculars, and Premonstratensians. Some of the larger vessels had three, four, and five chaplains to look after the spiritual needs of the sailors and marines. Here are a few of the names of the higher priests:

Abbés Bartholome, Omahony, Barat, Ciard-Macabe, Boucher, Le Sr. Renedy, Poterie, Bonice Thomas, John Machung, and Bonice Tancas. Some of these were either Irishmen or of Irish descent. One of them became the founder of the church in Boston. In all there were ninety priests who served as chaplains in the various ships of the French fleet.

The ways of the world are curious. Lord Cornwallis, who was vanquished at Yorktown, not only escaped censure for the capitulation and the utter defeat of the British cause in America, but in 1786 was made a Knight of the Garter and appointed Governor General of India and Commander in Chief of the British forces in Bengal. On the other hand De Grasse, who routed the British fleet in the Virginia capes and made American success possible, was compelled to undergo a court martial for his alleged failure in another enterprise after the American Revolution. The day after the capitulation of Yorktown, Washington wrote to De Grasse: "The surrender of

Yorktown, the honor of which belongs to your Excellency, has greatly anticipated, in time, our most sanguine expectations." In a letter to Rochambeau, Washington, speaking of De Grasse's later difficulties said: "But his frailties should be buried in the grave with him, while his name will long be deservedly dear to this country on account of his successful cooperation in the glorious campaign of 1781."

It is enough to say that De Grasse published a defense of his conduct at the Battle of the Saints, so called because it was fought near the islands of Les Saintes. He had been taken a prisoner by Admiral Rodney and while in England received such flattering attention that he irritated his own countrymen and lost the favor of the King. He died January 11, 1788.

Count de Grasse was married three times and his children were driven to the United States as a result of the French Revolution. His son, Count Alexander de Grasse was appointed by the Government of the United States as engineer of Georgia and the Carolinas and a pension of one thousand dollars a year was awarded to his daughters. The youngest of these, Madame Depau, was long a resident of New York. The descendants of this brilliant and heroic Frenchman are even now to be found living in the country for whom their ancestor performed such a great service.

QUESTIONNAIRE

When the silver cord is broken,
And the veil is rent,
What sight shall fill my vision
With measureless content?
Shall it be
The immemorial sea—
Or the green sown fields—
Or high peaks soaring free—
In blue skies serene?
What says the Seer
The Apostle Paul?
"Eye hath not seen."

When the pitcher is crushed
On the fountains rim,
Time's murmuring river hushed
On Eternity's brim—
What shall delight my ears?—
A song of the morning star?
Harpers quiring on their harps
A symphony of the spheres?
By what wrought melody
Shall my soul be stirred?
What says the Seer
The Apostle Paul?
"Ear hath not heard."

When the house of my Eternity
At last I attain,
Shall then full-circled be
My being's end and aim?
With all the longings of my soul
Fulfilled—achieved—?
What says the Seer
The Apostle Paul?
"The heart of man has ne'er conceived."

SYLVIA V. ORME-BRIDGE.

Sociology

The Pope's Crusade for the Poor.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

WHEN Prior McNabb wrote "A certain amount of comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue," he was wittily and correctly paraphrasing a text from the Angelic Doctor. He was also stating a fact denied only by capitalistic clubmen whose daily diet is turtle and port, and, often (by a happy retribution), gout.

The text is cited more literally by Leo XIII in the Labor Encyclical of 1891. After observing that virtue is society's chief good, the Pontiff added, "Nevertheless in all well-ordered States it is in no wise a matter of small moment to provide those bodily and external commodities 'the use of which is necessary to virtuous action'." All men must strive to practise virtue, and in this the State must aid them. But while striving, they need bread; and when an iniquitous economic system (or the abuse of a system at least tolerable) denies them an opportunity to earn it by labor, the State must destroy or reform that system.

In every line of the Apostolic Letter of Pius XI, directed to Bishops throughout the world on October 2, we discern this spirit of the Angelic Doctor, which is the spirit of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Looking out from the watchtowers of the Eternal City, the Holy Father sees great multitudes of honest willing workers forced into idleness, and reduced with their families to extreme indigence; workers who desire nothing better than to earn with the sweat of their brow, as the Divine mandate teaches, the daily bread which they beg every morning of their Lord.

The sight recalls to the mind of the Pope the words of the Master, "I have compassion upon the multitude." But his heart goes out with particular commiseration to the children of these men in enforced idleness, the innocent victims of man's greed and inhumanity. "The little ones have asked for bread and there was none to break it unto them."

In squalor and misery they are condemned to watch fading from their lives the joy and happiness which these innocent little souls seek to find about them. Now winter approaches and with it the long succession of suffering and privation which that season brings. . . . Most serious of all is the steady growth of the plague of unemployment to which We have made reference. The want of so many families and of their children, if not provided for, threatens to push them (which may God avert) to the point of exasperation.

In view of these distressing conditions, the Holy Father appeals "to all who possess a sense of Faith and of Christian love" in behalf of "what may almost be termed a crusade of charity and relief." The effects of this crusade will provide the unemployed, he hopes, with relief in their temporal necessities; but beyond this, it will "quench the flames of rancor and of the passions which rend men, awaken and sustain the fires of love and concord," and promote individual and social peace and contentment.

These words show plainly that the opinions expressed in these pages some months ago reflect the mind of the Holy Father. The editorial in question ("A Red Winter,"

AMERICA, August 15) was criticized as a radical treatment of an economic subject, calculated to stir revolt and anarchy; and read in connection with another editorial in the same issue, ("The Rockefeller Wage Cut") was held to constitute an unwarranted attack upon certain exponents of capitalism in this country. Quite obviously, the Holy Father does not agree with this criticism, for he points out the grave danger that the unemployed may be "pushed" into acts of violence, if provision is not speedily made for their wants.

The Pontiff proposes to do what he can to make that provision. First he calls upon Catholics all over the world to be mindful of the law of charity, "proclaimed by Jesus Christ as His first and greatest commandment."

It was to this commandment to which Our predecessors of happy memory appealed repeatedly in the days of hatred and bitter war. We invoke this most beautiful of the commandments at this time not merely as the supreme and all-embracing duty, according to Christian law, but, rather, as the high and sublime ideal of all souls which are generous and more finely keyed to nobleness and to Christian perfection.

To give the commandment practical consequences, the Holy Father invites the Bishops all over the world to organize, every one in his diocese, some form of public relief. The Bishop may take the presidency himself, or he may delegate the work to the respective pastors, or put it under the direction of some charitable organization "of proven efficiency." The Pope prescribes no particular form or methods, knowing that these must vary according to circumstances. What he asks with confidence is that the work be taken up vigorously as a crusade in every diocese in the world.

We wish to be the first to call your Faithful, begging them in the compassion of Christ to respond with generous charity to your appeal, and to follow you in all that you propose to do, after you have acquainted them with Our Apostolic Letter.

Since, however, human resources without Divine aid will never suffice to gain our purpose, let us lift on high fervent prayers to the Giver of every good gift, that in His infinite mercy He may shorten this period of tribulation. In the name of all our brethren who suffer, let us repeat more fervently than ever the prayer that Christ Himself has taught us, "Give us this day our daily bread."

We counsel all to recall for their encouragement and comfort that Our Divine Saviour will count as done to Himself whatever we may do for His poor, and that, according to other of His consoling words, whosoever shall receive these little ones in His Name has received Him.

The Holy Father ends with a reference to the Guardian Angels on whose feast day the Apostolic Letter was issued.

The feast which the Church celebrated today recalls as if to give conclusion to our exhortation, the touching words of Jesus Who, in the expression of St. John Chrysostom, after erecting impregnable walls for the protection of the souls of children, added the warning, "See that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say to you that their angels in Heaven always see the face of my Father who is in Heaven."

It will be these angels who in Heaven will present to the Lord the acts of charity done by generous hearts in aid of children. They will likewise obtain the most abundant blessings for all who have taken to heart this sacred cause.

In accordance with the desire of the Holy Father, the Bishops will doubtless issue their instructions, designating

the form this crusade will take in their respective dioceses. Pius XI exhorts all Catholics to assist in this work by giving and giving generously of their time and money, for tearful aspirations of pity will fill no empty stomach with food. During the War we were asked to give, "to give until it hurts," and to give until it hurts should be the measure of our contribution to this crusade. Every penny we can spare will be needed. The distress, already shocking, will be horrible by mid-winter.

One day last week a teacher in a Chicago school noticed that a boy of eight returned rather quickly from the cafeteria, as she thought, to the playground. "Didn't you eat your lunch, Jimmy?" she asked kindly. "No'm," the child answered. "I didn't have any money to buy anything." Something in the boy's tone stirred her. "But you had a nice breakfast this morning, didn't you?" "No'm," the reply came haltingly. "It wasn't—it wasn't my turn to eat this morning."

It is hard to imagine anything more frightful. On our fields the crops lie rotting, and in our cities little children are hungry. The banks are bursting with gold (except those that have been looted, legally or otherwise, by corrupt officials) but millions of men and women are slowly starving in a country which, as the President has often reminded us, is the richest in the world. If that is the result of the capitalistic system, as it has prevailed in the United States, let us bind it with fetters and hurl it back to the nethermost pit of hell from which some devils too long ago withdrew it, so that children should starve, and gaunt mothers weep, and men, driven to madness, take up the sword and the torch of pitiful, futile, revenge. That even one child go hungry, because that morning it was not his turn to eat, while many millionaires have no cares, except that of shifting heavier burdens to the galled backs of the poor, is a shame to our alleged civilization, and a blasphemy against the gentle Christ who called the little ones to His side, and blessed them, and bade us care for them.

What can we do?

Suppose that child were your Mary Jane or Jackie. You thank God that it was not? Thank Him by giving, and giving again, that your neighbor's child may have food this winter, and a coat for his back, and a roof over his head. The truest gratitude is that which expresses itself in giving to the world-wide crusade of the Holy Father for the relief of the poor.

Education

A Word for Cinderella

LEO FITZGERALD, S.J.

ABOUT this time of year instructors will begin to orate on the beauties of Greek; pupils will begin to march parasangs with Xenophon, and learn what bustards are. If they survive the campaign they will be privileged to hear the vehement Demosthenes in action, and after that the initiates will be introduced to whatever the professor has on—and in—hand. The years will leave them a dictionary full of well-thumbed pages, a

number of stirring passages that still ring in the memory and the inability, as Sir Esme Howard once said of his own Latin acquirements at college, to ask for a pound of meat.

These pupils were thrown too soon into the deep reaches of the language. That they were able to keep afloat at all speaks well for their mental stamina. But it was a dog paddle that brought them to shore at last, and they hang up their dripping garments with thankful hearts.

Andrew Lang, as a youngster, was thus thrown into Homer to sink or swim, and yet he managed to acquire a considerable proficiency in Greek. But he is one of those exceptions that some people love to generalize into a rule. The French learn spelling from their reading as they go along, but it does not therefore follow that set methods of orthography will prove useless to other peoples. The reason that teachers spend their time prating of erudition and the literary content of authors, if the brutal truth must be known, is that they have no firm grasp of the language themselves and little ability to impart what they do know. De Quincey complained in his day that though everyone was constantly referring to the speeches of Demosthenes he would hazard the guess that not ten people in the whole of Europe had read them all. And perhaps the number is even less to-day.

What the proper remedy is for this state of affairs it would be hard to say. For Greek is worth getting. There is an expressiveness, a spirit, that vitalizes the literature of the Greeks, like the *claritas* that transfigures their sculpture, and renders it a thing apart. This genius of the language might be acquired if one had years of leisure at one's disposal and read Greek incessantly. One might even come to think in Greek, though this seems doubtful. For just as our ideas are accompanied, even though nebulously, by images or phantasms, so the Greek word never fails to awaken echoes of half-a-dozen English synonyms.

And just here lies the difficulty. The Greek verb *echo*, for example, may have fifteen or twenty different meanings, and the English word *have*, its nearest equivalent, may possess twice or perhaps only half as many. The two words are like two cog wheels with teeth broken off at irregular intervals. The teeth at times will mesh, but then again, and oftener, they may not.

The result is that the student, when he comes across the word, will consult the dictionary, choose the meaning *have*, find it satisfactory, and proceed. But on turning English into Greek, the same boy generally will not think of rendering the synonyms *hold*, *possess*, *own*, by the same word. Much less will he suspect that the word at times means "to be wealthy," "to sustain," "to cause," etc.

The upshot seems to be that the boy should be taught to find the best meaning for the Greek word as used in the context, and to pin it down and put it away in a book, much as he would catalogue a butterfly—in short, to make for himself a sort of loose-leaf dictionary. Then if the teacher will constantly demand the translation of English sentences that call for the use of these words over and

over again, the pupil will finally make them his own. It is a slow process; but surely here, if anywhere, there is truth in the old adage *festina lente*. Better be master of one book than a dabbler in half-a-hundred. Harkness of Yale may have adopted a similar method some years ago when he gave his freshman class in Greek only five lines a day for the first term, and covered the remainder of the program with ease and profit during the second term. The plan then of having the beginner make his own loose-leaf dictionary, and of transplanting to its pages the new Greek word together with the sentence, or at least an intelligible part of it, in which the word is embedded, would sharpen his powers of observation. It would enable him to sense the full force of the word; and get, after no long time, a working knowledge of the commoner words of the language.

Again in the matter of Greek particles, by forcing the pupils to give them some meaning or force of emphasis, subject of course to correction in the light of further reading, translations, like those parodied by Stephen Leacock, beginning with a "nevertheless," "yet," "notwithstanding," "however," might be avoided.

Above all, the words once amassed must be used, and used constantly. Because the pupils have never seen the words in an actual narration—never seen them in action—books of prose composition fail of their purpose. Constant practice with words taken from real life, as it were, is the key to success. If De Quincey at fifteen would be pointed out to a don as the boy who could harangue an Athenian audience better than that learned gentleman could an English one, it was because the youthful De Quincey had spent the three previous years translating his English newspapers into Greek.

But it all means hard work. That is why many, if not most students will continue to say with Leacock, "nevertheless, yet, notwithstanding, however."

With Scrip and Staff

MOST of the congregation at Indian Falls came to Confession in the afternoon, leaving but few for me to hear that Saturday evening. After the last quiet word with Him in whose judicial but forgiving role I had just been vested, I closed the sacristy door and hurried over to the Rectory. The wind had blown up cold; and the Pleiades in the autumn sky reminded us of Christmas, to which this year I looked forward with a certain foreboding. Father Con, the pastor, was anxious for a talk with me. He soon had me sunk in that leather-covered super-chair in which Dean McComfort, his predecessor, used to park the down-and-outers who seemed drawn to him from everywhere. With the blinds pulled, and the aged housekeeper clattering down the concrete walk, Father Con was free to impart to me a secret.

"As you may not know," he began, "my venerable predecessor is actually going to be beatified. I received a cable today from the Vice-Postulator of his Cause, who is now in Rome, saying that the Dean had passed all the tests, and the date for the event would be set within a fortnight. I never doubted he would get through. Every

soul in this parish has been praying for it for the last six months."

Nor was I astonished; for I knew how ardently Dean McComfort's cause was being pushed; and the immense esteem in which he was held during his long career as pastor of St. Walberta's.

"Thank God," I replied, "that we are to have a Blessed, and doubtless soon a Saint, who was just a practical American parish priest, who taught in his own parish school, helped the Bishop build the orphan asylum, and knew how to advise his parishioners when they got in trouble at the mill. Outwardly, his life was nothing unusual. . . ." I was cut short, however, for the telephone rang, and Father Con excused himself for a sick call at the distant County Hospital. In the meanwhile, I should make myself at home.

It was oppressively still when the last buzz of his Ford had died away. I had finished my Office. I was too restless to read. Finally I noticed someone had entered the room, and seated himself in the swivel chair recently vacated by Father Con. It was Dean McComfort. He looked at me quietly and said nothing.

"An apparition, I presume?" I began, trying to be polite.

"Quite so, Father," he replied. "I suppose you have heard the good news?"

"About the beatification?"

"Certainly. Not that I care so much about the *true*; though it may help to glorify God, through my poor old self. But it gives me the chance to ask permission to come back occasionally and see the old place."

"Can't you do that unless you are beatified?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"Well, it is not considered good form, in Heaven, to ask for those home-trips, unless you have received some such certificate of good conduct. By the way," he continued, before I could say more: "Have you a copy of the advance sheets of the Mass and Office they are getting out for me? No one in Heaven has seen it yet, not even the Venerable Bede. He usually keeps track of all the liturgical publications; though he does complain in that there are so many new Offices."

He explored, in hesitating fashion, the piles of papers on Father Con's desk. "If I had looked on the desk in my time," he murmured, "I'd never have found it. Thank God Con has a better sense of order. And will you believe it!"

With a look of relief he held up the new Office for me; then asked my pardon as he glanced over it.

"What are your impressions?" I asked.

"Well, we won't go into the biographical part; I got all I wanted of that at the Particular Judgment. Nor into anything else, for that matter. I am sure it is plenty good enough, if it has the approval of authorities. I just wanted to make sure that the antiphons were *duplex*. You know up there they say nothing about your being a *simplex*, but they twit you a bit if you are only a semi-double. Some of the canonized kings and queens have to do a little explaining on that score.

"This out of the way," he went on, "let us come to

the point; for though I have an eternity before me, you ought to be going to bed. Did you know that Father Con is thinking of erecting a shrine in my honor?"

"Have you any objection?" I asked.

"None at all," replied the Dean, cheerfully. "If they succeeded in beatifying the old Pastor, they deserve to have something to remind folks of the event."

"Did you read what AMERICA'S Pilgrim in a recent issue had to say about shrines?" I again asked.

"No: St. Lateerin took my copy to see what Cathal O'Byrne had to say about her; and since then everyone has been borrowing it. But surely the gentleman you mentioned does not disapprove of shrines?"

"Not if they have some historical or local significance," I replied. "The deeds of our pioneers, not to speak of our Martyrs, cannot be too strikingly commemorated. And our country demands its National Shrine. But he does object to the broadcasting of appeals for shrines which have no evident justification as such, especially when these appeals are managed by professional agencies."

"Does that mean that he objects to all broadcasted appeals?" asked the Dean. "I never enjoyed finding them in the mail; but I always felt that our missionaries had to appeal to the general public, if they are to keep things going at all."

"The Pilgrim has no such notion," I answered. "Indeed, he holds that the man who objects to all charitable appeals as an intrusion is himself lacking in charity. The poor, and those who are working for the poor, have a right to appeal in person to those who may be able to help them. And with all its inconveniences for both parties, the mailed letter is less annoying than the personal solicitations of olden days."

"I agree with you," said the Dean; "though it is a hard principle to live up to. But 'tis true that such appeals should be marked with the approval of the ecclesiastical authority. Even if they canonize me, I take for granted that Father Con will show evidence that he is acting at the Bishop's behest."

"There is a strong sentiment, too, in Heaven, that the cause of the Blessed is injured, rather than aided, by the character of some appeals. One of our best beloved Saints expressed dissatisfaction to me that the whole country was being solicited for a shrine in her honor where the altar, according to the picture distributed, was far from being in accordance with the Church's liturgical requirements. And many of the others are displeased at the commercial, bargain-counter or mail-order appearance given by intensive methods to the sale of pious articles. And we particularly resent"—here the Dean lifted his voice until the whole room shook—"at having the names of those who have humbly and in good faith enrolled themselves as clients for our intercession used as a mailing list for further appeals from other places."

"How about the enrolment of the deceased in pious associations?" I asked; and read him the Pilgrim's previous remarks, which lay open on Father Con's table.

"The decrees there cited," replied the Dean, "forbid, as I understand them, the enrolment of the deceased in confraternities or pious associations of the living, that

promise Masses and suffrages to their living members after they shall have passed away, as a recognition of specific good works done during life."

"People are asking, however," I continued, "if this means that all enrolments of the deceased are prohibited; since many highly commendable charitable agencies offer such enrolments."

"No," answered the Dean. "The deceased can, and frequently should be enrolled in associations established for their benefit, such as Mass associations. There is no reason, however, why societies that engage in good works, such as supporting the missions, preaching the Faith, relieving the poor, visiting the sick, and so on, may not also undertake to provide Masses and prayers for the deceased as an additional work of charity. By enrolment in approved Mass associations, or in the suffrage lists provided by approved charitable societies, the deceased share in the merits of the Church universal, but not on the erroneous title of being an active member of a society devoted to good works in which they never engaged."

"Even such legitimate enrolment," the Dean added, "must be done legitimately." He picked up a form letter from the desk and offered it to me to read. "Elaborate advertisement, amounting to the appearance of pious rivalry, and a too liberal use of commercial forms produce an impression which may have been far from the intention of the sender, but which is unavoidable for the average reader."

"To be practical, then," I asked, "what kind of an appeal would you have Father Con send out, so as to avoid these pitfalls?"

"Well," said the Dean, speaking more slowly, "it all depends. As for the *mode* of appeal, if Con does undertake that shrine, he is a good conscientious man, and knows what will help, not to provoke and scandalize, but to instruct and edify the group to whom he speaks or writes. For I take for granted that it will be merely within the neighborhood, or the diocese at best. The wider the circle to which the appeal is made, the greater room there is for misunderstanding; the greater need for careful supervision by those in authority."

"As to what he should appeal for, as to the project he has in mind, let him consider again the place and the people and the times, particularly the times. If it will bring employment to his people; if Joe Amato can get a job painting the sanctuary, for he is good at that work, and has taste; if he can keep the quarry from shutting down; if he can teach his people how almost, if not wholly with their own hands, they can erect a temple to God's glory, that, plain as it is, the Pope himself would not be ashamed to visit; if it will reveal to them the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, the sublimity of the Holy Mass, and not be an advertisement for an indefinite number of dealers—I will call it gladly my shrine, and I will steal down there every time I notice anyone praying."

The Dean's words were interrupted by the loud rattling of the garage door, as Father Con stabled his Ford for the night. I glanced up, and found myself again alone, with the notice book still lying open at January, 1929.

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

Fourth-Dimensional Drama

KATHERINE BRÉGY

FIFTEEN years ago, in spite of the afterglow of Barrie's delectable fancies and of the beautiful poetic experiments of Rostand or Stephen Phillips, it seemed to most observers that the Theater of Imagination was largely a dead issue, while the Theater of Realism had captured the modern world. And since the World War, this photostatic realism or naturalism in drama and fiction has reached an almost unbelievable extreme—an extreme which several times (although not always the rightest times!) has defeated itself so far as the box office was concerned by getting the playhouse doors closed by the police. But drama, being one of the most intensely human forms of literature, has the usual periodic reactions. And no one can be unaware of a subtly spiritual reaction in many plays of the past few seasons—a wistful, experimental reaching out after that perpetually escaping *fourth dimension* which has been the perpetual challenge of the painter in pigments rather than in words.

There was a time, of course, when it was taken for granted that all drama should be declamatory: that was one of the immemorial conventions which Shakespeare accepted, and transfigured. Next came the convention—from which the equipment of our modern stage is just now escaping—that drama should present "a slice of life" neatly foreshortened, like a picture in a frame. This gave us the comedy and sometimes the tragedy of manners, which are still with us. But something else is with us, too, something rather hard to classify. For what we call the new stagecraft has opened fresh vistas of realism and symbolism: it has made possible "The Blue Bird" as well as "The Criminal Code."

The revival of Christian miracle play in drama and opera was one symptom of this change—the rather sudden revival which, after religion had been banished from the professional playhouse for some three hundred years, blossomed into Housman's "Bethlehem" and Yeats' "Hour Glass" and Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," into the operas of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien," and that curious *mélange* which made up Mr. Gest's "Miracle." Recently this note has been particularly vibrant in France, where Paul Claudel has given us his deeply mystical and mysterious drama, "L'Annonce faite à Marie," and the exquisite little war play, "Le Nuit de Noël de 1914," and where Henri Ghéon continues to "bring the saints back to the theater" in a series of highly vivacious biographies.

But it rang out from perhaps the least-expected quarter of all when "The Green Pastures" became one of the spectacular successes of recent years. We had not looked to the primitive North American negro for religious drama; and left to himself he would probably never have created it, in spite of his strong natural predilection for both drama and religion. But interpreted by the sympathetic and far-from-unsophisticated art of Marc Connelly, this blackface drama of Old Testament history achieves

great moments. No one who has seen the play will be likely to forget the naïveté of Gabriel looking down at the "farmin' country" of the newly created earth, and inquiring: "You ain't going to let dat go to waste, is you, Lawd?"; or the tender pity of dying Moses, led up the hillside by de Lawd Himself to a country "a million times nicer dan de Land of Canaan"; or the thrill of that final far-off prophecy: "Oh, look at him! Oh, look, dey goin' to make him carry it up dat high hill! Dey going to nail him to it! Oh, dat's a terrible burden for one man to carry!"

There is still another type of other worldliness in our contemporary drama, the drama which is ostensibly realistic in subject and treatment, yet constantly breaks through the confines of anything describable as realism. Our most sustained and spectacular attempt to pierce the conscious ego and make the subconscious audible was, of course, Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," although the perennial poetry of the dual and duelling personality was perhaps even more insistent through his play of masks, "The Great God Brown." But why did audiences which had supported both of these plays fail to rally to Philip Barry's "Hotel Universe"? For one reason, because the weakness of the flesh balks at a long play in one unbroken act; otherwise it is hard to understand the almost complete lack of response to a very fascinating and human theme. For this drama deals not only with the conscious and subconscious but also with the superconscious mind. It is concerned with the discord between that outer self which acts and speaks automatically and the inner self built up coral-like by old impressions of joy and sorrow—and of the harmony only to be achieved by the actual, *absolute* self which unites the other two.

Somewhat the same idea applied to *time*—the fusing of past, present, and future in one eternal reality—underlay the charming and curiously popular drama (for it had no obvious element of popularity except a good love story, with the lovers separated by several generations!) "Berkeley Square." And in "Death Takes a Holiday," that exotically beautiful fantasy adapted from the Italian of Casella, Philip Merivale has reached distinguished success in a symbolic but highly realistic impersonation of Death—seeking to know why men fear him, and actually winning the heart of his human sweetheart away from the tawdry uncertainties of everyday life.

Aggressively modern, yet in the tradition of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" or "The Servant in the House," is "He," presented by the Theater Guild. It is a translation from Alfred Savoir, who may be described as a mystical, French edition of Bernard Shaw. And true to Shavian paradox, Savoir leaves us uncertain whether the beneficent visitor to his Alpine hotel is—as "He" himself amazingly asserts—*God*, or—as circumstances plausibly suggest—a lunatic escaped from some nearby asylum. There is a good deal of troubling, ironical truth in the fact that our contemporary viewpoint could so easily confuse the two: although that is precisely what was wrong with the viewpoint two thousands years ago—and probably one thousand or three thousand years ago! But as muddled theology rarely creates unmuddled art,

one would like to feel a little more convinced that the author himself knew what he was thinking, or was thinking a little more clearly.

Such themes, surely, are not of the conventional theater. And what is one to think of the method employed by M. Claudel in his "Book of Christopher Columbus," produced last year in Berlin? It is a method including recitative, dialogue, music, pageantry, and a profusion of images projected by motion picture. It alternates scenes of straight if highly impressionistic drama telling the story of Columbus' life and death, with scenes inside the conscience of Columbus; and it confronts the symbolic hero, worshiped by history, with the actual hero dying upon a litter of straw at Valladolid. There is something elementally big, at moments breathlessly moving, in the drama as it unfolds from that opening supplication of the Reader:

Let us pray the Almighty God that He give me light and competency to read, and to explain to you the Book of the Life and Travels of Christopher Columbus who discovered America and that which is beyond, for he is the man who united the Catholic earth and made of it one sphere under one cross. I speak of the man foreordained by Providence, whose names means a dove and a Christ-bearer, as his history is written in Time and in Eternity. For it is not Christopher alone but every son of woman who is chosen to hear the call of the Other World and of that farther shore

on to the final episode, where Isabella, entering Heaven amid a shattering chorus of *Alleluias*, tarries to pray that the Everlasting Doors may open to reveal to her brother Christopher, also, "what his longing heart sought."

But it was almost inevitable that the end of this soaring allegory should have been confused by the very multiplicity of the means employed. Here indeed is a fourth-dimensional drama, with fancy impinging upon the fantastic and art becoming so complex as to seem grotesque; because a great poet and seer is trying to achieve the impossible. . . . Or perhaps it is only the improbable; who shall say in age of limitless aspiration and almost limitless physical accomplishment?

But important as physical accomplishment may be in the art of the theater, it is rather by the quality of the aspiration that imaginative drama lives or dies. As everybody now knows, the drama of pagan antiquity, and the modern drama of what is still called Christendom, both grew out of religious ceremonies. It may be because one never escapes from one's first love that through all detours of naturalism or sensationalism the theater keeps turning back to the spiritual and supernatural. Or it may be because it is still trying to approach not only realism but reality.

REVIEWS

The Church in the Roman Empire. By ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$1.00.

The worth of the "Berkshire Studies in European History" will hardly be enhanced by this volume. Though a Preface discussing the series announces that each contributor is "sufficiently a specialist in the period in which he writes to be familiar with the sources and to have used the latest scholarly contributions to his subject," the book bespeaks neither scholarship nor a specialist's acquaintance with its subject. It is meant as a reader

for freshmen students in the history department at Yale with which Dr. Goodenough is associated. As an aggregation of preconceived prejudices against revealed Christianity, it helps to understand Dr. Angell's announcement that Yale freshmen are likely to encounter men at the University who would sneer at their beliefs. Dr. Goodenough may know history, but he certainly ignores historical facts in the present volume and evidences a complete failure to understand the teachings of orthodox Christianity. He tells his readers, for example, that the Church's doctrine of original sin implies that it carries with it "a sentence to hell"; that it was popular Christian belief that "there existed a contract between God and the devil by which all sinful souls belong to the devil." He confuses the Mass with the Eucharist. He takes it as Christian teaching that after the Crucifixion Christ literally descended into the hell of the damned. For him early monasticism and asceticism were but adaptations of heathen practices associated with which were such frightful abuses as "frequently, if not usually, resulted in insanity." It is unhistorical that Christ's family consisted of "Mary, her husband Joseph and several other children." It is gratuitous to assert that at first Jesus apparently did not identify Himself with the expected Messiah. When he writes, "The only foundation for a right life He [Christ] taught was an attitude toward all men of self-forgetting love," the professor obviously eliminates from His Scripture all the sayings of Jesus about man's need for honoring and worshiping His Father. It is false that Christ unqualifiedly "told men to live improvidently like the birds and flowers." When one knows that the preservation of our ancient manuscripts is due mostly to the monastic Orders, it seems a little naive for Dr. Goodenough to write, "It is often hard to be patient with the old monks when one reflects how many valuable documents they wantonly destroyed." One wonders where he learned that "all the secular clergy upon ordination must renounce private property," or that the Church ever taught "the degrading effect of marriage." There is practically no page which does not include false assumptions, inaccurate statements, or patently biased or calumnious presentations of Christian teaching. W. I. L.

America's Way Out, a Program for Democracy. By NORMAN THOMAS. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Every Catholic teacher of even elementary Economics should be familiar with this book. It is valuable not for the truth of its theories or statements, some of which are open to at least serious question, but for the attitude and outlook of its author who may be fairly taken as representative of Socialist opinion in this country. A Socialist who certainly dethrones if he does not openly repudiate Karl Marx and who is anything but an admirer of the great Russian experiment, is worth meeting if only for the novelty of the experience. A Socialism to be brought into being not by bloody revolution or the cultivation of class hatred, but by the machinery of democratic government, is a novelty to most of us. The author is a practical politician, a serious thinker, and a writer of clear and understandable English. This is not to approve either his views or his proposals for bringing them into effect. It is only to say that his book is valuable for anyone who wants to know what Socialism, as it is in America today, means and stands for. The author takes for granted rather more knowledge of present-day economics and of Socialist literature and dogma than can be expected in the general reader. While not offensively irreligious, his tone in dealing with religious activities may be described as consistently slighting. The bibliography is notable for its omission of Catholic works on the questions involved. The topical index carefully avoids mention of religious items which occur rather frequently in the text. The chapters on "A Socialist Philosophy" and on "Socialism and the Individual" give the keynote of the book. M. McN.

Modern Civilization on Trial. By C. DELISLE BURNS. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The author of this book makes a strenuous but futile effort to prove that recent mechanical inventions and modern social

practices have really effected substantial changes in human life. The widespread indifference of today towards authority has, in his opinion, actually destroyed the truths contained in absolute Revelation. His assertion (page 303, 1.12) that "civilization is a process, not a product," sheds light upon his entire mental attitude towards his subject; indeed that sentence may be said to constitute his thesis. On page 305 he says: "Authoritarianism cannot survive the obsolescence of the traditional authorities." The reader might be puzzled by that sentence did not its explanation immediately follow. That explanation is: "The creeds, theological or ethical, which contain 'final' summaries of acquired truth, have no place in the modern mind." Foot-note references (page 307) to such authorities as Walter Lippman's "Preface to Morals" and Havelock Ellis' "Task of Social Hygiene," indicate the type of writers whose works this author has followed. This book, though actually shallow in argument and superficial in treatment, is nevertheless interesting in many details, and in parts, from a literary standpoint, cleverly written. Its doctrines are unsound, and to the untutored mind may easily become dangerous. The apparent depth of the discussion may easily mislead the unwary and bewilder the mentally unskilled. The cinema, the radio, the automobile, the airplane do modify human association, but they do not change man's essential nature or obligations, much less destroy them.

M. J. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Pulpit Guides.—When he lived, the Rev. Peter C. Yorke was one of the most distinguished pulpit orators in the United States. In two volumes under the title "Sermons" (San Francisco: Textbook Publishing Company. \$2.00 each) the Rev. Ralph Hunt has edited about fifty of the distinguished priest's sermons. Most of them were talks delivered in line with his pastoral work on ordinary Sundays and feast days, but quite some few relate to special occasions such as funerals, church dedications, jubilees, etc., and one is a sermon delivered in the Paulist Church in Rome. Father Yorke was always a vigorous, forceful, and practical speaker, and these characteristics stand forth preeminently in Father Hunt's compilation. The charm of the sermons is added to by the plentiful use made of Holy Scripture and the Fathers, and by the large variety of topics of which they treat. Priests are bound to welcome the volumes to their library, and the laity will find in them instructive and helpful reading material about the truths and practices of their religion.

Another manifestation of the variety in sermon materials to which the Sunday liturgy lends itself is evidenced in "The Heart of the Fathers" (Herder. \$2.25) by the Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman. Basing the "points" for his various talks mainly on the patristic homilies found in the Breviary in conjunction with the third nocturn of the Office, he offers the busy pastor a helpful series of brief instructions and the Faithful at large some useful spiritual reading. The author goes beyond the scope of his volume to introduce a sermon on Christmas though he does not touch the other holy days. It is noticeable, too, that the position of Rogation Sunday in the volume does not harmonize with the Missal.

Taking selections from the Sunday Masses as texts on which to build sermon plans, the Rev. F. H. Drinkwater writes "Sermon Notes on the Sunday Propers" (Herder. \$1.25). The content includes a great many topics not usually treated in the pulpit and yet of practical significance for the Faithful: thus, the virtue of hope, the place of mysteries in religion, Tradition, Divine Providence, Christian unity, etc. The outlines are brief and the suggestions practical; they get variety from the Scripture texts that illustrate them.

Juvenile Fiction.—Boys and girls in their teens will enjoy reading "Winning Out" (Longmans. \$2.00) by Marian Hurd McNeely. The heroine is a gritty and attractive young woman who has decided upon nursing as her career, and the story centers chiefly on her experiences during her freshman year at Bindlost

hospital. However, paralleling her experiences is another interesting series of adventures that take place during her absence from home, with Jerry Marks as the hero. The character sketching is fine and the narrative well balanced, pathos and humor being nicely intermingled and the ups and downs of life happily offsetting each other. Even to get acquainted with the wonderfully human Jan Rowan and the irrepressible Willie Carey is compensation enough for reading the story.

New England is the setting for "Toplofty" (Longmans. \$2.00) by Mary Willard Keyes. The story, whose appeal will be chiefly to girls, is concerned with Alice Ware's vacation at the home of her friends, the Frasers; the companions she meets; and the adventures she has. Of these last the most important is her acquaintance with Phoebe Peacock, an eccentric spinster, a neighbor of the Frasers. This begins most inauspiciously but ends happily for all concerned, and quite surprisingly for Alice and her family. The characters are wholesome, and for the most part they act and speak naturally so that the reader is not annoyed with overstrained situations such as prevail in so much juvenile fiction.

That the days when the Far West was first settled have not lost their fascination is clear from the interest attaching to "Wheels Toward the West" (Longmans. \$2.00), which Hildergarde Hawthorne has written for young people. It is the odyssey of Ben and his sister Beth in their long and dangerous ride across the Sante Fe trail on their way to join their parents in California. Kit Carson and Comanche Indians and wild buffalo, all add to the telling of the story, every chapter of which carries some exciting and unexpected adventure.

Mikkjel Fonhus has written a tale of Spitzbergen and the far North in "Northern Lights" (Longmans. \$2.00), that savors somewhat of certain of Jack London's popular books. It is the biography of Truls, the cub of a great white polar bear, that was trapped and brought to civilization. The story lacks the human element too much to be of general interest, though some of the descriptions of the wintry North are splendid.

It is an unfortunate development in juvenile fiction that most authors in their employment of historical settings have been led astray by certain racial prejudices. While this is not altogether the case in "The Shadow of the Crown" (Longmans. \$2.00) by Ivy Bolton, there is nevertheless sufficient falsehood present to make a good story. Francis de Maderos, a popular cousin of Philip II of Spain, is forced into the Order of the Knights of St. John as a Knight Commander at the age of fourteen. The vows of the Order prevent him from any attempt to use his great influence to usurp the Spanish throne. The adventures of the young nobleman in the wars against the Turk are thrillingly set forth in a background of intrigue and Spanish skulduggery. "The Shadow of the Crown" is not without considerable merit, particularly in its delirization of the spirit of the Order of the Knights of St. John.

Aspects of Theology.—An oft-mooted question is why Christian peoples seem to have fewer of the blessings of heaven than pagan nations. The problem is an old one. In the fifth century Salvian, a priest of Marseilles, took it as the theme of a treatise he composed "On the Government of God" (Columbia University Press. \$3.75). This, Eva M. Sanford has now made available in English. In eight books the author attempts to justify the ways of God with men. His arguments are mostly Scriptural and with an array of texts and illustrations he convincingly proves that there is an adequate explanation for the contrast between the poverty and captivity of the Christian Roman Empire and the prosperous domination of pagan Rome. Besides its apologetic value, the volume has historical worth as offering a graphic panorama of the writer's times and country. Indeed it is this which particularly interests the translator. She has prefixed to the text an interesting introductory essay on Salvian and his age and work, though there is evidence that in spots she fails sympathetically or properly to interpret him and his Church. She has also helpfully annotated the text that it may serve research students.

Assuming from the demonstrations in earlier volumes of the fundamental theology which Arthur Preuss has freely adapted from the work of the Rev. John Brunsmann, S.V.D., that all men have an obligation to embrace Christ's religion, "A Handbook of Fundamental Theology: Volume III" (Herder. \$4.00), continues to explain how and by what means that religion is made available to the individual. It deals, consequently, with the Church, its establishment, nature, properties, and "Notes." To add to its value, there are plentiful footnotes and reading lists, and a fine index. The layman who wants more than what the catechism teaches him of Catholic dogmas about the Church will find his ambitions adequately gratified in this handbook, and will be grateful to the learned and industrious layman who has made it available.

For those who know the mental attitude of Harry Elmer Barnes regarding Christianity and religion in general, it will create prejudice enough against "Our Gods on Trial" (Arbitrator Press. \$2.00) by William Floyd, to know that he introduces and endorses it. Professedly atheistic, it is a scurrilous and silly attack on Jehovah, Christ, the Bible, and traditional religious dogmatic and moral teachings. It is as deficient in logic as it is unfair in its presentation of the position of orthodox believers. Composed in the form of a mock trial, the reader very shortly finds that the reading palls. The author assumes that science has demolished belief in God and that religion is essentially man-made. One notes with surprise that whereas the Modernists, the Fundamentalists, the Jews, the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians are all directly and professedly attacked, the Catholic Church, which alone claims to be "the" Church, is only most casually alluded to. Perhaps the author realized that when religion "true and undefiled" is understood or explained, it is impossible to prove it at variance with the truths of science or any other field of human knowledge.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

ALPHA INDIVIDUAL ARITHMETICS, THE. Book Six, Part I. 56c. Ginn.
BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1931. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. \$2.50. Dodd, Mead.
BIBLE HISTORY. FOR GRADES FIVE AND SIX. By Rev. George Johnson, Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, and Sister M. Dominica, O.S.U. \$1.16. Benziger.
BUILDING PERSONALITY IN CHILDREN. By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D. \$2.50. Greenberg.
CATHOLIC CHARITIES IN THE UNITED STATES. By John O'Grady, Ph.D. \$3.00. National Conference of Catholic Charities.
CICERO. By Gaston Delayer. \$4.00. Dutton.
COMPENDIUM OF THEOLOGY. By V. Rev. J. Berthier. \$2.75. Herder.
CONFERENCES ON THE INTERIOR LIFE. By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. \$2.50. Herder.
CORN KING AND THE SPRING QUEEN, THE. By Naomi Mitchison. \$3.75. Harcourt, Brace.
CHURCH IN THE MODERN WORLD, THE. By G. Stanley Russell. \$2.00. Richard R. Smith.
DEVELOPING PERSONALITY IN THE CHILD AT SCHOOL. By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph.D. \$2.50. Greenberg.
DIET BOOK, THE. By Marguerite Requa Rea. \$2.50. Oxford.
DIVORCE. By J. P. Lichtenberger. \$4.00. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
ECONOMIC EVOLUTION IN ENGLAND. By Frederic Milner. \$2.75. Macmillan.
ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW. A Correspondence. Edited by Christopher St. John. \$5.00. Putnam.
ENGLISH WRITINGS OF RICHARD ROLLE, HERMIT OF HAMPOLE. Edited by Hope Emily Allen. \$2.50. Oxford.
EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL, THE. Vol. II. By V. Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. Wagner.
ESSAYS OF A CATHOLIC. By Hilaire Belloc. \$2.50. Macmillan.
FIGHTING THE RED TRADE MENACE. By H. R. Knickerbocker. \$2.50. Dodd, Mead.
FLOWERING STONE, THE. By George Dillon. \$1.75. Viking.
GIOVANNI VERGA. By Thomas Goddard Bergin. \$2.00. Yale University Press.
GRAND OLD MAN. By Dyke Acland. \$2.00. McBride.
HIGH TABLE. By Joanna Cannan. \$2.00. Doubleday, Doran.
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR, A. Vol. IV. By Ellis Paxson Oberholzer. \$5.25. Macmillan.
HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Professor M. N. Pokrovsky. \$3.50. International Publishers.
HOW TO FIND GOD. Edited by Sydney Strong. 35c. Association Press.
HYPOTHESIS OF POPULATION GROWTH, AN. By Ezra Bowen. \$3.75. Columbia University Press.
IF I WERE YOU. By P. G. Wodehouse. \$2.00. Doubleday, Doran.
JUDGMENT ON BIRTH CONTROL. By Raoul De Guchteneere. \$2.00. Macmillan.
KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE, THE. By Sophie Botchinsky and Florida Pier. \$3.00. Morrow.
LOVE OF MARIO FERRARO, THE. By Johan Wigmore Fabricius. \$2.50. Simon and Schuster.
MAD MURDER. By Richard H. Wilkins. \$2.00. Meador.
MEETING THE CHALLENGE OF MODERN DOUBT. By James Gordon Gilkey. \$2.00. Macmillan.
MISSIONNAIRES DE VINGT ANS. 10 francs. Editions Dillen.
OLDEST MANUSCRIPT OF THE VULGATE GOSPELS, THE. By Cuthbert Hamilton Turner. \$7.00. Oxford.

The Night's Candles. The Blind Man. The Bending Sickle. Marden Fee. The Crime Conductor.

"The Night's Candles" (Macmillan. \$2.00), by Rene Roy, translated by Homer White, is the story of a young French lieutenant blinded in the World War, his mental reactions to this terrible calamity and his heroic efforts for physical and intellectual independence in spite of his handicaps; efforts finally rewarded when he was graduated in 1920 with first honors from the Ecole Polytechnique. At present he holds a government position as State Engineer of Bridges and Waterways. As a story of courage in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties, the book makes interesting reading. Would that in his land of darkness he had seen some trace of God's protecting and guiding hand; would that he had peered into that vast world which needs not sense of sight to see! Of this spiritual world there is, alas, no trace.

"The Blind Man" (Knopf. \$2.50), a story by Olav Duun, a Norwegian writer, translated by Arthur Chater, will hardly be popular with American readers. The Norwegian novelists, judging from the work of Sigrid Undset, Knut Hamsun, and this present work of Olav Duun, conceive their stories in quite a different way from American writers of fiction. "The Blind Man" narrates the family history of the Haabergs, with Anders Haaberg as the central figure, and his despicable brother, Petter, in contrast. It is a gloomy story throughout. Plain speaking is very much in evidence, and sexual freedom disgustingly portrayed. It may be the fault of the translator, for the reader is often brought up with a jerk in narrative and conversational passages. The present volume is the second instalment of a saga of modern Norway under the title, "The People of Juvik."

It is refreshing to come upon such a novel as "The Bending Sickle" (Morrow. \$2.50), by Cicely Farmer, in today's output of fiction. The author has given us not only an interesting, but an ennobling story as well. The three-hundred-odd pages of the book are concerned with the life's history of the heroine, Anna Reimann, who lived her life sacrificing her own desires in the interests of those she loved. And when her last sacrifice has been made, she sums up her philosophy of life: "After all, life is only a trial, a rich pageant perhaps, but a stern school as well. The only way is to drink deep at the well, to meet each experience with every part of mind and body. I have tried to live my life completely." The reader of this splendid story will add: "And you have succeeded gloriously!"

"Marden Fee," by Gerald Bullett (Knopf. \$2.50), may be best described as a queer combination of Sunday-Supplement ethnology and eighteenth-century romance. The story opens some-few-thousand years ago and tries hard to interest us in certain primitive persons named Ogo, Hasta, Wooma, and Bikko. For the most part they brandish stone weapons, eat raw meat, indulge in love, jealousy, bloodshed, and guttural conversation. The author rescues us from this Neanderthal milieu by suddenly shifting to Queen Anne times. There in chapters written in the Geoffrey Farnol manner he advances the surprising notion that the glittering dandies and shrewd peasants of the day were also given to love, jealousy, bloodshed and other regrettable activities. In other words the theme of this novel is the not entirely new idea that human nature is the same throughout the ages.

Not altogether original is the plot upon which Philip MacDonald has built up "The Crime Conductor" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00). Willington Sigsbee, a theatrical entrepreneur of London, is found dead in his bath, and Colonel Anthony Gethryn—a Sherlock-Holmes-like creation of the author—pronounces the death to be neither accident nor suicide, but murder. Whereupon there follows a strange crime hunt in London, involving, amongst others, a matinee idol, a pair of theatrical agents, and a brace of actresses. Upon such slender clues as a missing coat-tail button, a soiled but unworn dress collar, a smear of cobbler's wax scraped from a door, the author builds up a thrilling murder mystery. If any criticism is ventured, it is to protest against the mental strain of trying to imagine a human being grinning "like a vulture licking its lips!"

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

"We Love Our Habits!"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The letters in your publication are causing us much amusement, and we hope for more in your future issues.

Poor C. C. and the other worried souls! Do they not know that worry is more conducive to ill health and even death, than any amount of clothing? Again, have they no worries of their own that they must waste their sympathies on that which does not concern them at all? Lucky mortals!

We have so many real problems on hand that our clothes are our last thought. Perhaps C. C. will help us solve our financial straits, our inability to help our poor as much as we would like. These and other serious items in our life concern us far more than the number and weight of our clothes.

How surprised they would be if they knew all we hear and see in spite of the bridle and ear coverings.

We love our habits and would not change them for the prevailing pajamas and Empress Eugenie chapeaux, if though we might be a bit more cool and comfortable.

Please, C. C., stop worrying. We are perfectly happy in our misery.

New York.

SISTER C. J.

Mr. Walsh, Sweetness, and Light

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A Catholic perforce desires to be courteous to everyone, including strangers, and not impugn motives, but a reading of William Thomas Walsh's article on "The Alleged Lack of Catholic Masterpieces" leads this writer to believe that Mr. Walsh wrote his essay tongue in cheek.

Mr. Walsh's definition of literature pleases himself and is no doubt as good as any, but it is chiefly of value as aligning him with that group of pious folk who would have their literature all sweetness and light. He mentions Sigrid Undset, and one may therefore take the content of this Norwegian writer's work as a yardstick. If any American Catholic believes for one moment that an American Catholic author, writing on similar themes, would not be damned by Mr. Walsh *et al.*, he does not know his public. "What poems St. Paul could have written, what dramas St. Ignatius, what novels Thomas a Kempis," exclaims Mr. Walsh. The answer should be fairly simple: they elected a different field for the exercise of their talents. It is fairly common knowledge that all the facts contained in "Death Comes to the Archbishop" were contained in a biography written by a clergyman of our own Faith, and antedating Willa Cather's novelization. We may pass over the question of whether her book would have been equally successful had it been written by a Catholic. The answer, it seems to me, is that she approached her subject with an artist's perception of form and trained power of expression and so achieved a masterpiece.

The writer was once told by a priest that were the sixth and seventh commandments removed from the category of human experience, all his pastoral and spiritual problems as shepherd of a flock would be reduced ninety per cent. A writer worthy of the name must also be an artist. It is puerile and untrue to arrogate to an artist any less lofty conception than that which comes by reason of his inherently unconscious perception of perfection and form. How he comes by this the artist may not know, but anyone who believes that God speeds a soul into this world with one or more particular talents will understand that it must be so. The Catholic writer as an artist does not wish to obsess himself with sex and other evils. By the very nature of his rearing and training he achieves a bedrock which is very valuable, and from which he can sense the vanity and ephemeral quality of many phases

of human experience. Perhaps it is because of his refusal to treat of these in their distorted proportion which closes a potential readers' market to his works; but that he must not treat of them at all is to deny his right to the exercise of the experience, training, knowledge of human nature, etc., which logically comes from his talent as a writer.

I hope no earnest-minded young Catholic with literary aspirations will be influenced by the nihilism of Mr. Walsh's article. His article treats of the extreme, ideal phase of writing; and this, as anyone knows, simply does not exist. Mr. Walsh might prove from his standpoint that a work of a certain Catholic or non-Catholic writer might be all wrong, but the net result would not affect an author's knowledge that his work was honestly conceived and that it was offered to God as a sincere exercise of one's talent. To a certain extent the Church and the artist must be continually at war and must always compromise, as witness the Renaissance. But to compromise on the terms offered by Mr. Walsh is to acknowledge a Puritanism which may be many things, but is certainly not Catholic.

Chicago.

TERENCE O'DONNELL.

End of the "Wealth and Power" Argument

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With the abandonment of the gold standard by England, attention is more sharply focused on the social and economic crisis of that nation. The deficit of the budget, unemployment and the dole, recent unrest in the navy, food riots in Glasgow, and the demands of the Indian Nationalists give ominous warnings to the weary heads of that state. Is England facing bankruptcy? Similar conditions of social unrest are prevalent in Germany. We in the United States have our own gigantic economic problems, especially that of unemployment.

Accordingly it seems an opportune time for Catholic apologists in the press, pulpit, and the schools to give the finishing stroke to the "Wealth and Power" argument used so long by defamers of the Church. This argument is based on the assumption that the superior wealth and power of non-Catholic countries as compared with Catholic nations indicate the falsity of the Catholic religion. Although the argument is irrelevant and fallacious (the Kingdom of God on earth lays no claim to the establishment of a "glorified chamber of commerce"), it has greatly influenced men's minds formed in the pragmatic school. Mr. Belloc in his excellent work, "Survivals and New Arrivals," gives a masterly exposition and refutation of this boast of the Protestant culture.

With cold facts so evident and irrefutable, Catholic publicists should seize the opportunity of writing the obituary notice of a too long-lived and specious calumny against the true religion. "Here lies" is sufficient epitaph for its tomb. On the other hand, let zealous efforts be continued to drive home the official doctrine of the Church in regard to social and economic questions as presented in the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, "On the Condition of the Working Classes," and in the recent one of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, "On the Reconstruction of the Social Order." True economic prosperity and peace with a proper distribution of wealth are necessary for the stabilization of a nation. But this will only be achieved in the words of Pope Leo "by a return to the Christian life and Christian institutions."

Religious rebellion and departure from Christian principles gave rise to individualism, and in the Protestant culture we find the birth and development of capitalistic liberalism, the source of most of our present economic evils.

Closely linked with this liberalism and contributing to such evils, is "the unbridled race for armaments" among the nations contending for commercial supremacy—the very heart of the "Wealth and Power" argument.

Rightly does our Holy Father, Pius XI, while condemning jingoistic expediency, exhort us "to illumine minds and open hearts on this matter according to the solid dictates of right reason and of the Christian law."

Woodstock, Md.

RICHARD M. McKEON, S.J.